

The Editors are happy to receive and to consider articles from any quarter; but they cannot in any case return MSS. which are not accepted, nor will they hold interviews or correspondence concerning them.

THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1868.

NORTH AND SOUTH GERMANY.

IN Germany, as in the United States, a certain sectional antagonism has always prevailed between north and south. Prussia and Austria have there long represented different, often opposite, interests, and the minor German states have generally taken part with either the one or the other side. In view of this chronic antagonism, the wisest course would perhaps have been to have confined its operations to certain inner limits, instead of suffering the evil to run on and compromise the national tranquillity. An earlier separation of northern and southern Germany might, therefore, have proved a mutual advantage, even though it had never drawn the two sections closer together; whereas the continuation of a union so evidently wanting in harmony only culminated in the fratricidal war of 1866. As long as Austria remained a member of the old Germanic federation there was always some danger that a political division might have led to a formal split of the country into two hostile camps; but when Austria was compelled by the terms of the treaty of Prague to withdraw from all participation in German affairs, this difficulty at once disappeared, and a separation might then easily have been effected without provoking serious opposition. It would no doubt still have been a geographical and political separation, but merely in so far as that the weaker party would have declined to link its destinies and political institutions irrevocably with the stronger, and not because it harbored any sinister designs, which would indeed have been physically impossible of execution. A southern confederation under these circumstances would have become an ally, not a rival or an enemy, to the northern, and such an arrangement would certainly have afforded a surer guarantee for a practical unification of Germany than any more or less compulsory union of discordant elements could have promised.

It may be thought that a calm consideration of these facts would naturally have predisposed all parties in Germany to favor a southern confederation in which Austria had no voice; yet, strange to say, this does not appear to be the case. The northern Germans still persist in regarding every proposition of the kind as a menace to themselves, and the scheme finds little or no countenance among their southern countrymen, except with the so-called democrats. The democrats sincerely desire its success, because they expect to secure under a southern confederation a greater share of civil liberty and the readiest means of making propaganda for their principles. It is, however, just this which alarms the German conservatives and reactionists, north as well as south, for they fear once more to be subjected to a power which they were taught to dread in 1848—a power which seems still associated in the minds of many with anarchy, not liberty, and to whose final triumph they prefer even absorption into the Northern Confederation. These apprehensions are, of course, greatly exaggerated. Not only is the present situation totally unlike that of 1848, but the aims of the German democracy are different. The fiery zeal which courted martyrdom is extinguished, public opinion has become more tolerant and liberal, and even the most extreme democrats have learned that their ends may be gained far more securely by peaceful agitation than by precarious appeals to brute force. The old party names, it is true, still survive, but their aims have altered with the times. As the same speeches which would twenty years ago have consigned their authors to prison may now be heard from the lips of ministers of state, so what once used to be considered the language of democratic sedition is now beginning to be accepted as legitimate argument. Even the penniless proletarians of former days have become respectable tax-paying members of society, and if they do not pay quite so much as some of their neighbors, it is still

enough to render them chary of risking their property in enterprises of a revolutionary character.

But while the cause of a southern confederation is thus injured by its best friends, we must not suppose *pari passu* that it is all the more effectually promoted by its foes; that the traditional policy of Prussia—a policy of forcible annexation by the sharp edge of the sword, which no territorial acquisitions seem yet to have appeased—would open the eyes of the southern states to the inevitable results of their isolated and helpless position; that the instinct in individuals to combine in times of peril for their common defence would assert its usual influence over them, or rather over their princes and statesmen. In this expectation we are also disappointed, for the individual interests of these rulers happen to coincide neither with those of each other nor with those of their respective states. The consequence is that the southern communities live on under the fatal illusion that the *status quo* will last as long as they, and for what comes afterward none seem to care. *Après nous le déluge* is their motto. Their organisms possess, no doubt, sufficient vitality to perform all ordinary functions in a calm, but not in a storm. The ripe fruit would then either drop into the lap of the north, or, should the wind come from the opposite quarter, fall into the embrace of anarchy, for who will care to preserve what is incapable of enlisting the sympathies of any earnest, living party?

It is, however, not only the apathy of the various governments, the jealousies of some rulers and the incapacity and blindness of others, which prevent the idea of a southern confederation from taking firm root in German soil. The masses of the people are quite as indifferent to it; they are as content to put off action as their rulers; they are too indolent fully to realize the precariousness of their position, and too careless to form an independent opinion of what they should do. Nobody seems to think of the future, and all wait for some event, some provocation, some stimulant from without, which will compel decisive measures. But there is no occasion to wait when a single hour may precipitate a solution. One of the causes of this apathy, and one of the principal causes, consists in an impression that the Zollverein of itself protects all material interests, and that there is, therefore, no ground to feel concerned about the next future. But the material interests of states are only protected when they rest on a solid political foundation, and in so far those who advocate absorption into the Northern Confederation as a logical sequence of the Zollverein are perfectly consistent. The Zollverein is, however, only intended to afford protection in times of peace; the instant a war breaks out these material interests are imperiled, for there is no Zollverein army to defend them. The alternative either to fight for themselves or to join the Northern Confederation then arises, and this shows how badly the material interests of the southern states are protected under the present arrangement. Another leading cause of the political apathy prevailing in the south is to be found in the wide divergence of opinion and the diversified relations which exist in and between the various states. It seems impossible to bring the heterogeneous elements within them to agree on any combined action or a common policy. The political confusion is indescribable. In Baden the efforts of the government and those of an influential clique are energetically bent on a union with the Northern Confederation; not from any special love for Prussia, but because they want to have nothing to do with the Bavarians and the Suabians. In Würtemberg exists a Chinese particularism, and a positive horror of all that savors of democracy. Bavaria is torn asunder by political factions, and a powerful party is intriguing to join the Northern Confederation in the hope of securing more liberal institutions. Thus, wherever we look in the southern states of Germany, the people and the rulers are playing at cross purposes and pulling in different directions.

CLERICAL SHAMS.

FOR the clergy as a class we have a cordial respect. In no body of men of equal numbers are probably to be found so much true heroism, such unselfish devotion to human interests, and so many qualities that contribute to the moral progress and

equilibrium of society. While we fully acknowledge the obligation of the world to them in almost every sphere of useful activity, we believe there is no profession that furnishes more conspicuous examples of individual inconsistency and insincerity.

How does it happen, while the cry of the scarcity of clergymen is so loud throughout the land, that so many of these unemployed brethren are seen at all seasons hanging about our large cities, fumbling the volumes at the bookstores, monopolizing the best seats at ecclesiastical headquarters, pestering busy rectors with unseasonable and unprofitable calls, loafing in the publishing offices of the religious papers, wistfully eyeing the play-bills of operas and the posters of sanctified picnics, and amiably ready at all times to lift their voices in a processional hymn or to air a surplice at a church show? Were they set apart for such service at their ordination? Do they esteem their "calling according to the will of Christ" to consist in showing their faces where they are of no earthly use, and of picking up the crumbs that now and then fall from the Church's tables? A perusal of the *ordinal* is commended to these nomadic pastors. If they are incompetent or unwilling to act the part of shepherds, let them take the place of sheep. It strikes us that some of them need looking after.

Benevolent citizens need not be told that there are such beings as clerical beggars in the world—affable and accommodating persons, who present their little subscription-book without the least sign of compunction, and who, if met by any protestations of pre-occupation, express the utmost willingness "to call again." Now, we hope that every worthy enterprise will achieve due success, and nobody can think the objects often represented by rural clergymen more deserving than we do; but is there any use in lengthening out these sacred pilgrimages, as is often done? Might not a thoroughly sincere and active man accomplish as much in a few weeks as is often done by these laborers in many months? Is there not some reason to suspect that good cheer, attractive novelties, the charm of variety, and the fascinations of the city generally tend unreasonably to protract these disinterested labors, till the sight of a ghostly solicitor is regarded in many quarters as a nuisance? We trust we are not uncharitable in thinking that there is just a bit of hollowness in this thing, and that more attention to business and less to pleasure would redound to the credit of the cloth and the advantage of the Church.

That the clergy should not have proper recreation as well as their neighbors only the meanest churl will attempt to maintain, and we hope it is always enjoyed on sufficient grounds. Still, there are people who have heard a great deal from the pulpit about self-denial and sacrifice who cannot help reflecting that, if some ministers were more like the Master, they would not be in such unseemly haste to get to fashionable watering-places, would not make their visits to Europe quite so long, would not take pains to have their movements heralded so conspicuously in the public prints, and would be a little more concerned about that portion of their flock who are strangers to green fields and shady piazzas and delectable fountains. These honest folk, who work for a living, wonder sometimes how so many robust-looking clergymen, when they set their hearts on a tour, have such a troublesome bronchitis, and how they reconcile their midsummer gayeties with the thought of those who are left destitute of the bread of life, and of the sick and poverty-stricken who languish, without Christian sympathy, in their hopeless wretchedness in the alleys and attics of the metropolis. The life of St. Paul is good for summer reading, and we hope some of our athletic and healthy clerical friends will dip into it on their pleasure-trips when they have nothing better to do. The really infirm ones, in their deep sympathy with the Master, know what his discipleship means and enjoins.

Concerning the shams of the pulpit much deserves to be said than we have space for at present. Of these one of the most offensive is the flippant dictatorial air with which scientific subjects especially are dismissed. There are many useful and interesting topics bearing upon the faith which a clergyman is under no obligation to discuss in the pulpit; but if he does, let him eschew sweeping superficialities, arrogant assertions, and empty declamation against what

should be met by the severest argumentation. Let him be fair. Nowhere do palpable fallacies and egregious ignorance appear so disgusting as in connection with the great and blessed themes of the gospel. If there should be candor, learning, and profound sincerity anywhere, it should be here. It is too late in the world's day for thoughtful minds to be imposed upon by the rantings of zealots and the conceits and prejudices of a traditional ecclesiasticism.

We point out one more type of hollowness which has always struck us with a mingled feeling of the painful and the ludicrous. Such are the descriptions that some preachers give of the Deity, such their views of the human race and its destiny, that the hearer sees this world but a valley of death, the people engaged in a stupendous funeral, and the object of creation to populate the most hopeless and dreary hell. It might seem that the divines who draw such pictures of God and man would, in their profound appreciation of the wretchedness of life and the terrors of the future, be the most miserable of beings; and yet see them after their pulpit philippics in a cosy study with a few boon companions, and you generally find them the most jolly fellows in the world. Their melancholy doctrines, their conception of the hideous corruption that riots in the world, and their view of the flashing thunderbolts held over a doomed race, do not impair their relish of a luxurious meal, a good cigar, and an easy bed. Notwithstanding their distressing notions they can tell the most amusing stories, lay adroit plans for the comfort of their families, and converse rationally on many interesting topics of the day. Surely this is rather queer; but then clergymen are a queer set, although pretty good fellows generally.

"THE RIGHT TO FLY."

THE study of aerial navigation—this still unsolved problem in the domain of physics—is being systematically pursued by certain men of genius and wealth in France. The subject has there attained to the dignity of a separate heading in all catalogues of new publications, just like medicine, jurisprudence, belles-lettres, or any other legitimate department of literature. Nearly one hundred treatises, pamphlets, and larger works are annually devoted, either exclusively or in part, to this branch of knowledge, and these writings emanate not from visionary projectors, crack-brained enthusiasts, or ordinary humbugs, but from personages of recognized reputation in the world of science, art, and letters. The surprising activity displayed in this pursuit may be inferred from the number of new words coined for the purpose of expressing ideas connected with and relating to aerial navigation. Among the more commonly used and familiar of these is "aviation" (from its Latin root, *avis*), which supplies at the same time an admirable clue to the peculiar method recently adopted by the French aeronauts for the solution of the problem itself. First it behooves us, however, to explain what may not yet be generally known to those who take no interest in these inquiries, namely, that the old balloon has been entirely discarded in France. The only chance of a possibility of realizing the art of flying through the air is there thought to exist in the construction of some bird-like machine, floated by wings and screws, and guided by a steering apparatus. Even Nadar himself, who until lately experimented upon the old plan, has lost all confidence in inflated canvas since the Hanover accident. An aerial navigation society, with the view of developing and perfecting the new principle, has been founded at Paris. It publishes a regular journal, in which every new suggestion or apparatus is accurately described, depicted, and criticised. The president of this society is M. Bama. The erudite Babinet takes a profound interest in all its proceedings, deems the solution of the secret quite within the bounds of reason, and refutes all objections and doubts raised against this belief with an almost juvenile enthusiasm. Among the more distinguished supporters of the school are Nadar and Landelle, both of whom have written works on the subject. That of the former bears the title *Aviation*, and that of the latter the title of *Le Droit au vol*. In addition to brains, the cause has wealth at its command in a number of friends and patrons who contribute the large sums required for experiments. Conspicuous among these generous men is the Count Poeton D'Amecourt, who also edits

a periodical under the name of *Collection des Memoires sur la Navigation Aérienne sans Ballon*. Readers of *The Round Table* with a turn for mechanics, who have directed their attention to this subject and discovered anything bearing on aerial navigation, will do well to communicate with the Paris society. Their suggestions and plans will thus be submitted to the examination of competent authority, and, if found impracticable, or previously tested and rejected, they might perhaps save themselves years of useless thought and experiments.

OUR WATERING-PLACE CORRESPONDENCE.

MIDSUMMER finds many of the readers of *The Round Table* far from the sweltering town and seeking by the frolicsome sea-side or on shady hill-tops the refreshment of body and mind that severe climate and over-active habits of life render so necessary. Aiming to make our columns agreeable as well as useful, and to intersperse lighter and seasonable matters among more solid discussions at a time when the latter are less easily digested, we determined at the beginning of hot weather to despatch correspondents to the most conspicuous and interesting places of summer resort, with instructions to visit each in succession and to furnish us with such accounts of them as might seem most suitable, piquant, and amusing. Our correspondents were untrammelled, everything being left to their individual taste, observation, and intelligence, except in one particular: they were in all cases to make their sketches as vividly personal as possible. It was rigidly enjoined that details of individual habits, expenditures, dress, equipage, opinions, and antecedents would be regarded as indispensable; and that no considerations of false delicacy or of respect for the sanctity of private life was in any instance whatever to prevent those elaborate disclosures of domestic affairs which are so eminently gratifying to the people described and so urgently demanded and justified by an enlightened public opinion. With this preliminary explanation we beg leave to lay before our readers the first instalment of correspondence prepared under these instructions. We confess that we do so with some slight doubts as to certain points of etiquette and propriety; yet surely the public is a better judge of such questions than ourselves, and we shall be governed in publishing future letters by the favor with which these initial ones are received.

LETTER FROM NEWPORT.

OCEAN HOUSE, NEWPORT, July 20.

DEAR ROUND TABLE:

Ty suis! There are also here some three hundred other people, although none, of course, of so much consequence as your correspondent. Such, indeed, appears to be the opinion of Beaver, who has promptly placed the finest suite in the house at my disposal, and who follows me at every turn with an obsequious leer intended to express the warmth of his attachment to my person and his fixed purpose to omit nothing that may delectate, nourish, and pamper it. This is as it should be; and I do not hesitate to say that there exists no man, whether in the vernal glades of Biarritz, the sandy slopes of Ems, the umbrageous shades of Boulogne, or the pebbly strands of Tunbridge Wells, who better knows how to keep a hotel than Beaver. Newport has ever been to me a tuneful and variegated delight. Here, in the sportive days of boyhood,

"I loved to stand on some high beetling Rock,
Or dusky brow of savage Promontory,
Watching the Waves with all their white crests dancing
Come, like thick-plumed squadrons to the shore,
Gallantly bounding."

And here, with the mellowed fancy and riper appreciation of manhood, I find the stirring scene more joyous and inspiring than ever. Turn where you will, whether to the tumbling surf, of a morning enriched with a thousand blushing nymphs whose white limbs glance in the sunshine, or to the rolling beach of an afternoon, where prismatic toilettes flutter in the breeze and flashing eyes strike panic to susceptible hearts; whether to the noble refectories, where are all of sumptuous viands and costly wines that imagination can conceive, or to the stately ball-rooms, where female loveliness and manly grace surpass all that can be found in the world beside; whether to the road, where triumphal chariots and priceless horseflesh outvie the mingled glories of Newmarket and old Rome, or to the libraries and halls of black-letter art,

where antique tomes blend tastefully with the modern treasures of THE ROUND TABLE, THE EVENING POST, THE HERALD, and THE WORLD; whether in the dashing spray, the radiant sunlight, or the solemn starlight of the night, all is *par excellence*. What can be said more?

Much. As before observed, I am here. But who else? Some hundreds, I repeat. But who and what are they? A list of the most distinguished is evidently highly desirable, and this, with their places of abode, rents, incomes, etc., I proceed to give:

THE VISITORS.

Name.	Residence.	Rent.	Income.
Corrt. of <i>The Round Table</i> ,	Ocean House,	\$100,000	\$65,000
Hon. Billion E. Slodge,	Punic Cottage,	6,000	375,000
Count Aut-fois d'Vriarte,	Devereux Villa,	2,500	17,535
Le Grand Tomkins, Esq.,	Fauntleroy House,	5,000	83,000
Leonidas Pipp, Esq.,	Chateau Pipp, Bellevue,	8,000	113,000
Gansevoort B. ilk, Esq.,	Milbank Lodge,	9,000	60,000
Miss de Vere,	Hollybush Cottage,	1,500	7,500
Olyphant Lysle, Esq.,	Bunch's House,	2,250	13,000
Broadway Faroe, Esq.,	Pigeon Villa,	5,000	100,000
Anatole Champignon, Esq.,	Fungus Hall,	3,500	49,000
O'P. Banagher, Esq.,	Blarney Cottage,	2,400	23,000
Marmion Stanley, Esq.,	Stonybrook Cottage,	1,000	3,000
W. Udolpho Radcliffe, Esq.,	Smith's House,	1,800	18,000
John Brown, Esq.,	Dreamland's,	950	11,000
Sinister Lure, Esq.,	"Hades",	1,275	82,600
Lapierre Shoddy, Esq.,	Parvenu Hall,	15,000	400,000
Hon. Peoria Bangs,	Rockville Cottage,	2,300	61,000
Miss Sappho Vane,	Paphian Villa,	1,800	9,000
Rev. Mechlin de Tracy,	Covenant House,	2,000	10,000
Elkanah Doolittle, Esq.,	Whittle House,	750	16,500
Dr. Hydrangee and daughters,	Bluestone Cottage,	1,250	72,150

Many others might be named, but my object, of course, is to give only *la crème de la crème*, and I leave to humbler pens the sordid catalogue of the *canaille*. It is, however, perhaps but just to mention in the superior category some who, residing at the great hotels, are not enumerated as householders. Among these is the eminent business man, Apollyon Sharper, Esq., of the great firm of Finikin, Sharper & Co., Pearl Street. He is five feet seven and a half inches high, with moustache and goatee *à la Victor Emanuel*, and drives two light sorrels to a road-wagon. The beautiful Miss Mealie Schriemer is said to be Mr. Sharper's magnet here, and I must say, in that case, that he is as good a connoisseur in female charms as he is in white goods. Miss Mealie is five feet three and three-quarters high, a pale brunette, with large swimming black eyes, long lashes, a profusion of raven tresses, lovely bust ditto, generally wears corn colors, violets, and mauves, and goes to Rev. Dr. Sadman's, on Madison Avenue. Her father did a splendid thing in cornering Rock Island last spring, and she is now the cynosure of all eyes. She is a superb vocalist, and could easily eclipse Patti or Kellogg did not social considerations forbid such a thing. Her *Robert toi que j'aime* is easily heard a mile off on a quiet night, and the expression she throws into her singing has been the occasion of sad havoc in the breasts of the young men of some of our best firms. Indeed, this was the cause of a tiff between herself and Mr. Sharper the other evening, which has been quite a topic of conversation ever since. He complained that she had done him grievous wrong, and I have no doubt she has; but *jucundiores amorum post injurias delicia*, and the sun of love is evidently shining brighter than ever after the storm.

The beautiful Mrs. Olympia P. Keno (lady of Keno, Briggs & Co.) is creating great excitement here with her claret and blue satin basket-carriage to four matched bay ponies with gold harness. Mr. Keno is absent in Europe and Rev. Marmoset Lipsalve, of Fifth Avenue, is paying her great attention. She is an exquisite blonde, quite five feet seven inches high, and her taste in dress is greatly admired. At breakfast the other day she wore a set of diamonds and opals for which, rumor says, Ball, Black & Co. received no less than thirty-five thousand in gold. If she has a fault it is a trifling tendency to the *décolleté*, but as she has the most symmetrical shoulders at Newport this is excusable. Her sweet twin boys, the handsomest pair on the avenue, attract much attention. One is usually dressed as the Dauphin, Louis XIV., and the other as Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. They are six years of age, have their hair brushed by machinery daily, and measure eight inches round the calf of the leg. At a ball the other night given in honor of the Swedish minister the dear little fellows were the observed of all observers, delivering the wit-tiest of opinions on all sorts of subjects in voices that commanded attention, and mingling in both round and square dances in a way that produced the most charming confusion imaginable. I am to dine with Mrs. Keno on Saturday, and will not fail to send you a minute description of the occasion.

In truth, to do you and your readers justice by affording those minute and graphic descriptions of per-

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sons, intrigues, manners, and purses here "where the broad ocean leans against the land" requires a little more time. The social advantages of my position are, to be sure, very great, all doors flying open at my approach, and the wealthy, gifted, and fashionable struggling in all directions to give me information and to win my smile. But jealousies and various interested motives frequently lead people to misrepresent facts, which, therefore, require careful sifting before being put into print. Hence the best way is, perhaps, to trust one's own personal observation, and in order to gain for this as wide a scope as possible I am perfecting, with the assistance of Beaver, a Key-hole and Ventilator system which cannot but be attended by the happiest results. I shall supply you with the first and freshest of these in my next, and meanwhile am your faithful liege,
LORNETTE.

LETTER FROM SARATOGA.

UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, July 23.

THE JOURNEY.

I arrived here a day or two ago, after a most disgusting journey; in consequence of the unaccountable neglect of the railroad company to provide the special train I had ordered. I was therefore obliged to come by the boat and pay \$2 for a state-room, besides having to buy my own meals! *Quelle horreur!*

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud?"

How long shall this outrage be patiently borne by a free and independent press?

The charming society of that accomplished and affluent gentleman, Hon. Billion E. Slodge, whom I found on board with his delightful family, on his way to the Springs, and who, with his usual affability and captivating *sang froid*, conversed with me on the upper deck until "the wee sma' hours ayont the twal," helped greatly to alleviate my sufferings. The embarrassing profusion of Mr. Slodge's trunks gave me, next morning, a graceful opportunity to testify my appreciation of his great condescension and *aplomb*, and I had the satisfaction of hearing him say with his own lips that he trusted he should see me often. I think he will.

THE HOTELS AND THE PEOPLE IN THEM.

As you may suppose, the hotels are full, especially the one which your correspondent honors with his presence, and which it needs no other sign to distinguish for the best. Major Zealand has omitted nothing that could conduce to my comfort, and has ordered a copy of *The Round Table* for every guest during the season. He speaks Chinese, Choctaw, Quichua, Aztec, Patagonian (both dialects), and Alaskan, and has every qualification for keeping a first-class hotel. Among the distinguished guests are Hon. Billion E. Slodge, lady, and fifteen servants; Miss Slodge, Mr. Saleratus Salathiel Slodge, Miss Mehitabel Ann Slodge, Miss Matilda Elizabeth Slodge, Miss Jemima Jane Slodge, Miss Eulalia Salome Slodge, Miss Irene Magnesia Slodge, Miss Eugenie Isabel Victoria Slodge, Miss Hermione Esperanza Albatross Halcyon Slodge, Miss Alexandra Sophia Constantina Claribel Slodge, Master Belisarius Beelzebub Slodge, Master Romulus Salsifer Bawkins Slodge, Master Bismark Gladstone Disraeli Slodge, Master L. Pediculus Slodge, and Miss Rhododendron Kalsomine Clarinda Dagmar Slodge.

The last-named is a sweet little lady of two summers, who is universally admitted to be the prettiest baby at the Springs. She speaks French with a pure Parisian accent, has two front teeth, wears a bib-and-tucker of point d'Alençon lace, plays ravishingly on the ophicleide, and drives two thorough-bred stallions, seventeen and a half hands high, tandem to a miniature dog-cart.

The other hotels are also crowded. Congress Hall, a house not surpassed by any at the Springs, and indeed in almost every respect infinitely superior to all, numbers among its late arrivals Hon. Eliphalet Bawkins, M.C. from Podunk, with his pleasing lady and interesting family, and Col. Bullion E. Slodge, inventor, as you may remember, of the celebrated double-back-action centrifugal wash-tub, and first cousin of the eminent Billion E. Slodge.

At the Clarendon, which to my mind is the hotel *par excellence* of the Springs, may be found immense hordes of the wealthy, the fashionable, and the great. Here are stopping the Hon. Billious E. Slodge (Mr. Slodge's uncle, as you are probably aware), the distinguished pork factor, with his queenly wife and voluptuous daughters, Rev. Henry Norwood Screecher, Marquis Maraschino Cospetto, Sir Reginald Hazard, and the Count Paté de Foix-Gras. Of course we are very gay, and everything is quite *de rigueur* and *toute de suite*.

HORSE-FLESH.

The display of horse-flesh of an afternoon eclipses

anything ever seen in America, which is equivalent to saying that it is not equalled in the world. Hon. Billion E. Slodge drives eight cream-colored mustangs to Fifth Avenue omnibus—very stylish; sometimes tandem to coal-cart; and Mrs. Slodge one small piebald pony, seven hands high, tandem to English stage-coach; quite the thing. Value, \$30,000; own stable. Mr. Bawkins's four-in-hand to cream-colored pony phaeton, with pink liveries, is much admired. Value, \$18,000; own stable. Count Paté de Foix-Gras, pair zebras, very fast and stylish, good roadsters, drives jaunting-car, tillbury, dog-cart, or luggage-van or street-car indifferently. Value, \$25,000; on livery.

Rev. Mr. Screecher, four-in-hand to one of Mrs. Hopkins's pie-wagons; very eccentric and nobby. Value \$15,000; on livery.

Col. Bullion E. Slodge, pair spotted mules to britzka or doctor's gig; greatly fancied by the knowing ones. Value \$13,500; own stable.

Mrs. Phryne Amory, four-in-hand, light sorrels, 18 hands, to sky-blue dog-cart; drives herself; two tigers in magenta livery with diamond buttons; excessively *recherché*. Value \$26,000; on livery.

THE HOP

last night at the Union was gorgeous beyond description. Words fail me to give you any idea of the more than regal beauty of the scene. Far as the eye could reach naught could be distinguished but a confused and flashing mass of brilliant plumes and costly laces, of priceless gems outshone by brilliant eyes, and radiant colors outvied by glowing cheeks. I danced with all the handsomest ladies in the room, and attracted much attention by my grace and agility. Beyond a doubt, Miss Cassiopeia Jane Slodge was the belle of the room; tall and finely formed, with beautifully moulded hands and arms, a bust like the Venus de Medici, hair like the shower of gold that Danaus gathered, marble cheeks, and a brow like

"Mercury's
Newlighted on a heaven-kissing hill,"

she moved a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Close observation, however, reveals a fact which at her urgent request I have reluctantly consented to keep secret—that she has one glass eye and that nearly all her front teeth are false. She wore a corn-colored moire antique *en tablier* looped up with red roses in the style of Diana of Poitiers, to display a diamond garter, and a tiara of California brilliants. Mrs. Rosamond M. Sopers, widow of Sopers the distinguished tallow chandler, was peerlessly beautiful in a rich *Marie Antoinette* *fichu* trimmed with illusion and literally blazing with diamonds. It may interest my fair readers to know that she uses Night-blooming Cereus and Sozodont, and is reported to be on intimate terms with Sir Reginald Hazard. Miss Matilda Elizabeth Slodge wore a rich violet foulard *crepé* and trimmed with orange lace, which harmonized well with the clear olive of her cheeks and the brilliant green of her ineffable eyes. I could not help noticing, however, that she had a hole in the heel of her left stocking, and her maid informs me that she uses Laird's Bloom of Youth. Miss Bawkins wore a lovely Solferino poncee with seed-pearls, and her hair *en panier*; very genteel. Miss Blinker, maroon velvet bathing-dress, à deux jupes with pink scarf; Mrs. Coriander Pipp, green satin with hollyhocks. The hop broke up at a late hour on the following afternoon, and was pronounced by everybody the most enjoyable affair of the season.

CHIT-CHAT, ETC.

Mrs. Hastings Jallopp drank 33 glasses at the spring this morning, and did not appear at breakfast.

Hon. Billion E. Slodge usually eats for breakfast a dozen fried clams, a large piece of porterhouse steak, some tripe stewed with onions, some liver and bacon, a portion of lobster salad, and four cups of coffee. I noticed him this morning picking his teeth with a fork, a charming evidence that affluence has not brought pride.

Marquis Maraschino Cospetto wears striped pantaloons and a scarlet neck-tie. *On dit* that he was a barber.

The mail is closing and I must say *au revoir*. In my next expect some racy personalities. P. PRY.

P. S.—Hon. Billion E. Slodge, Jr., has just arrived. They are firing guns.

LETTER FROM LONG BRANCH.

MANSON HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, July 25.

Hi! Hi!

Apple-jack and Plunder!

Terpsichore and Flirtation!

Two-thirty-five to a road-wagon!

Venus Aphrodite and Bathing-dresses!

Gongs, belles, yells, muslin, and Champagne Charley!

With such sights, sounds, and suggestions has your

correspondent been stunned and flooded withal since his arrival. Here be the fathers and daughters of the city, the rich, the gay, the young, the fair, the searchers for health and the followers of Mammon, streaming in motley array from oven-like Manhattan and eschewing "fish-shaped Paumanok" and its environs in favor of this, the true ocean-side where the "loud surges lash the sounding shore." From the very first this, the veritable Golden Branch of Fairy-land, strikes us with wonder and amaze. We stand agape e'en while thrilling with rapture at sight of the gorgeous throng, which, a very panorama of swift gliding color, exquisite symmetry, and princely expenditure, flashes before our eyes.

Who comes now, tooling with lofty nonchalance that palatial dog-cart, jerked along by the proud-stepping grey, eighteen hands high? It is —, yet, no, it cannot be —; yet it is the famous Stifkins, of J. B. Stifkins & Co., wholesale grocers! Mark the ineffable air with which he presses his cigar between his lips and winks patronizingly to admiring friends on the piazza! But see—a shade of anxiety clouds his aristocratic features! The two blooded mares of Sassafras Fox, the distinguished furniture-dealer, are collaring the Stifkins' dog-cart. Foaming with pride, as mares should who bear Caesar and his fortunes, they tear along, closely followed by the pea-green barouche of Tunis P. Bray, the eminent druggist; the scarlet and gold liveries of Honeybar, the great soap-boiler; and the slashing tandem of N. Dodd Purvee, the high-toned clerk of the steamer *Island Wave*. Far, far, behind spin hundreds of lordly teams, chiefly to road-wagons, but including coupés, cabriolets, rockaways, dog-carts, Boston chaises, tops and no-tops, broughams, clarences, aye, and even the royal four-in-hand itself! All driven and equipped in a manner to make Hyde Park in the season blush for very shame, and the Champs Elysées to hide their diminished heads.

Yet splendid as is all this exhibition of the taste, ton, and luxury of our *jeune doresse*—habituated as they have ever been to a style that thus seems second nature—its refulgence will be outshone when at night we enter the halls of dazzling light, and 'mid silks and rustling brocades, and precious gems and delicate perfumes, we bow at the shrine of beauty. Would you see the queen of the ball? Look on that lovely girl in white, in the double-seated phaeton to a pair of jet black steeds. Her hair is golden, such as the old Italians gave their angels. Her eyes are dark and fathomless as midnight; her complexion pure and varying as an infant's. 'Tis Miss Olivia Golddust, the daughter and pride of Golddust, the great banker of Wall Street and Westchester. She wears the smallest boots of any lady on the Branch, as you may see anon when she steps from her carriage to the piazza. Slight and beautifully formed, she weighs but a hundred and fifteen pounds, though towering far above the average height of woman. But twenty next birthday, her manners are easy and self-possessed as those of a countess. True, she smiles upon and coquettes with the simpering youth by her side. That is her cousin, young Porter H. Stake, whose father was our most successful butcher twenty years ago; but she is engaged to the Hon. Billion E. Slodge, Jr., who is expected down by the evening train. The lovely Olivia has the true *Grecian bend*; and although a snobbish European, who has come here for the purpose of sneering at our manners, says that it is more natural, more wholesome, and more becoming for women to hold themselves erect, this is, of course, one of those absurd prejudices which, in rotten and effete old countries, so lamentably smother true taste and poetic beauty.

How can I in a few dashing and peripatetic slashes photograph the giddy and splendid throng who whirl and toss and pitch and pant around me? How catch and fix to the palpitating paper the kaleidoscopic visions that dance and flit in rainbow dalliance, like motes in the sunbeams? See, almost as with the lightning's flash, tear by us Q. Adolphus Steamer (\$7,500 a year, and fees), our high-toned county register! See Abrawang Moses, the great counterfeit detector and connoisseur in bric-a-brac and antique raiment! See Joy N. Peeper, the great reporter for the (Pinchbeck) Fashionable Journal! See B. Riant, the eminent Ethiopian delineator! See the dashing Mix Trinks, who made a fortune in what he called a "sample-room," by the post-office! See the rotund and sweet-voiced Prigboli, prince of tenors and *preux chevaliers*! See McWatchstuff, the great Hibernian; Swindlum, of the Market scheme; Porcelain, the great card-slipper, and ten thousand of the brave, the pure, the cultured, and the gay, and tell me softly if

you do not think "The Branch" indeed "a foretaste of elysium?"

If not, my descriptions of the ladies in my next-minute to a hair—shall make your's stand on end.

I have already made arrangements with several billiard-markers, chambermaids, etc., for accurate information; and what with the thinness of the walls here, the facilities afforded by the piazzas, and the ease of concealment under sofas and behind bathing-houses, I feel sure of meeting your views with most felicitous exactitude.

Infinitesimally yours,

MICROSCOPE.

THE POET'S CORNER.

THE hebdomadal effusions which, well spiced with misplaced dashes, semicolons, and commas, as if the said points and periwiggles had been sifted from a caster, adorn our weekly literature, have elicited, perhaps, more contempt than their harmless failures in versification have deserved; and to figure with one's name in the poet's corner, which a quarter of a century since was honorable, is now specially interpreted as a paraphrase for ridicule. Nevertheless, it may well happen, as it has frequently happened, that waifs of uncommon merit find their way into the corner of the country hebdomadal, though more generally rhymes of the latter class are promptly rejected by the country editor. Not more absurd, in fact, in mere point of inappropriateness, is the old proverb concerning a ring of gold in a swine's nose than the idea of printing a really meritorious poem in the poet's corner, and hence in the poet's corner meritorious poems are never printed, except through possible oversight on the part of the discriminative editor.

For the pin-feathery plumage of these so-called poems there is, however, some reasonable excuse. In the first place, every youth in the blush of his earliest passion fancies himself a poet, and proceeds accordingly to the fabrication of verses which, as a rule, reflect more credit on his aspirations than on his judgement or on that of the editor who prints them; while every boarding-school miss is a Mrs. Browning *in petto*, and affects transcendentalism extremely, and often to the detriment of her wits. To inform these aspirants—these unfledged Longfellows, Brownings, Byrons, Tennysons, Shelleys, and Poes—that they are not poets, that their rhymes are doggerel parodies of their reading, would be in the majority of cases to render one's self unpopular; and, with a shrewd regard for circulation, the country editor is not willing to submit himself in his own proper person to the obloquy of having rejected verses which dotting mammas and aunts have pronounced beautiful, even though he may be quite aware that the puerilities thus accepted are waste of foolscap, and ought not, in mercy to the writers, to be printed. Poor, beleaguered unfortunate that he is, there can be no blame to him if, between two fires, he prefers that which burns him least in pocket and popularity; and, however one may pity, one can at least pardon him for shrewd attention to his own interests. In this case, therefore, as, perhaps, in the case of the effusions in question, criticism would be worse than wasted. Besides, bubbling over with inspiration, as Virgil says that on one occasion Venus bubbled over with laughter, these swains and shepherdesses must rhyme, even though it be not according to reason; and to endorse their communications with a curt "rejected" would be to be guilty of needless cruelty, and to bring down on one's head the displeasure of some benevolent Bergh—a consideration which, with any candid mind, ought to be regarded as sufficient reason for the course which the country editor usually takes in the matter, namely, that of patching a rent in the syntax here and there, articulating the stiff leg of a limping rhythm in an occasional stanza, putting the commas where the commas ought to be instead of where they ought not to be, as is the case with the original manuscript, and printing the emended text. Furthermore, every county throughout the whole dominions of the American Eagle has its one or two prodigies of acknowledged local reputation, to omit to perceive the merit of whose doggerel would be simply to offend the judgement of the whole county, and to be written down by its critical Dogberrys as thoroughly imbued with asininity. Hence, the editor must print or pack up his small-pica and set up in some county adjoining, in which, having offended, he finds himself in the predicament of one or two New York weeklies, namely, with only an editorial circulation, and must, perforce, keep on wandering until he conforms to the conditions of his professional existence.

So well understood is this principle that one or two

city weeklies have founded upon it their attempts at circulation with gratifying success, and several others have made it a regular element of their policy. The most notable example which can be adduced at present of the workings of this theory is found in *The Waverley*, a Boston sheet of considerable circulation, indebted altogether for its success to the printing, without money and without price, of doggerel which ought never to have been printed at all—a weekly which can only be reckoned as valuable in literature from its illustrating the general standard of poetical talent and taste in the country at large. Dreary enough in its dead-level of mediocrity, sufficiently absurd in its peculiar notions of syntax—for the editor is not even guilty of revision for Lindley Murray's sake—grotesque even to inanity in the mixing of its metaphors, and in the way of prosodial structure simply abominable,—the journal in question is, in respect to its representation of the popular poetical standards, something to be studied and dwelt upon, by way of pointing a moral to the poetasters of this poetaster-burdened generation. Some half-a-dozen Philadelphia weeklies, as many more in New York, and, still worse, the majority in Boston, have been indebted for a certain ephemeral popularity to the incorporation of this same element into their literary scheme; having thereby bound themselves to the publication of matter, both in poetry and prose, but especially the former, which has made American periodical literature a sort of butt for the grim jocivities of every small second-hand Douglas Jerrold among the reading public. To print bad verses without a liberal fee for so printing really ought to be considered a sufficiently heinous sin against the code of literary morals; to pay liberally or otherwise for the privilege of printing doggerel, on the ground that the public has a liking for doggerel, and must and will have nothing else, is to a certainty, and without palliation, an abomination in literature which should not be passed without indignant comment. Yet there are no less than half-a-dozen weeklies in New York city in the habit of doing this very thing, and which would reject a clever and respectable poem as quite unsuited to their columns. One of these journals, and perhaps the leading one, has its four poets' corners filled at a weekly expense of forty dollars with rhymes that an ordinary newspaper-man would take a contract to manufacture by the yard at about the average price of Merrimac prints, and would consider himself exceedingly well paid at that.

A cursory analysis of a couple of weeks' gleanings from these four corners of a journal for which "all the best talent of the country writes exclusively" will serve the purpose of a few paragraphs respecting the paid verse-writers, who, of course, embody all the best talent of the land in their own proper persons. Among the more pretentious of the so-called poems of edition No. 1 appears an effusion entitled *A Spring Day*—a title so hackneyed that, if any poetaster has ever omitted to use it, the omission thereof by any one of these Arabs of verse cannot be specified without a careful examination of whole catalogues of titles equally commonplace. But to the poem, which opens, apparently in very fantastic mood, thus:

"Now Spring's sweet toil begun—her brows
Bound with the purple of sprouting vines,
Her fair arms full of blossoming boughs,
And the wild glitter of the pines
Among her dusky locks, she plies
The rosy shuttle of the hours,
Weaving the glow of sunny skies
Into her shining web of flowers."

Now, barring their absurdity, which is a trifle too obvious, an uncritical reader would be apt to call these verses beautiful and very imaginative—very. Very fanciful, in some respects, they are; but in no-wise imaginative, even in the most degraded sense of that abused and misapplied qualificative. Note: Spring first binds her brows with grape-vines just sprouting, the wild glitter of the pines appearing in her dusky hair, and then, with both arms full of blossoming boughs, sits down to the very prosy process of weaving—not with an ordinary shuttle, but with the rosy shuttle of the hours. With this same rosy shuttle of the hours, moreover, the very ingenious operative at her loom is supposed to weave sunny skies into her shining web of flowers, the said shining web being supposed to be woven by means of the said rosy shuttle of the hours, and the weaver being supposed to weave this shining web with both arms full of blossoming boughs,—than which a more absurd jumble even of metaphorical weaving could not be easily imagined, even by a lunatic. To follow the metaphor without direct quotation, in the succeeding stanza the weaver, with her arms full of blossoming boughs, weaves the shimmer of dancing leaves over

the mould; weaves happy shadows without the eaves, and sprinkles the sober glebe with gold—all with her wonderful shuttle of the rosy hours, and nothing to aid and nobody to assist her, which is nonsense ineffable.

"The shining tufts of the springing grass
Bend to her airy tread, and break
In a shiver of bloom as her white feet pass
To awaken the lake-flower by the lake"

throws down the metaphor of weaving, which has been done even to metaphorical murder, most abruptly, and informs the reader that Miss Spring has started out for a walk. To be sure, "the airy tread" is Tennyson's property, but that is no matter; Miss Spring has as clear a right to affect the "airy tread" as had Miss Maud, though it is doubtful whether it would have occurred to Miss Spring had not Miss Maud set the aristocratic example. "The drowsy murmur of tawny bees" is felicitous, though the application of the adjective "tawny" to bees is by no means original. A "bubbling over from silver throats" of "tangled music" is also too happy to be passed without comment; but even this is unoriginal, and, therefore, entitles the author to no credit except that of having purloined with apparently excellent taste. Besides, music, however tangled, has never been supposed to be exactly a liquid, and, therefore, ought not to be accused of bubbling without just and sufficient reason for the accusation. Laughter, which is metaphorically liquid, may be used in connection with the verb to bubble, and, in the extension of this metaphor to music, the author has unwittingly exhibited a little stupidity, though, on the whole, the stupidity may be pardoned. Granting, however, for the sake of the argument, that, under certain phraseological conditions, the metaphor may be admissible, the writer of the verses in question has abrogated any possible admissibility in the present instance by the application of the adjective "tangled" to the music which is supposed to bubble. That which is tangled includes the idea of separate threads, and hence the notion here is skeins of music and not jets of it. Of course, "tangled music" is a pretty phrase, though hackneyed, and of course no poetaster could be persuaded that it would be impossible, in point of imaginative variety, for a skein of music, or a skein of linen thread for that matter, to bubble just as often and just as metaphorically as might suit the whim of the occasion.

From a second of these rhymes, entitled *Over the Ferry*, may be noted, as a tradesman would say, a few more of the same sort:

"Misty and azure her garments were,
All fashioned in airy guise,
As they were woven of summer clouds
And trimmed with the summer skies."

Jenkins of *The New York Thunderer* could hardly exceed this under the inspiration of a fancy-dress ball; though, of the twain, it might be more appropriate to manufacture a dress of the summer skies and trim it with clouds, as the author has not done, since, if these materials must be used at all, clouds have more the appearance of real lace or fringes, and are better, therefore, for purposes of trimming. Again, after introduction in a stiff and proper style,

"Bowling we murmured the common words,
Tho' a memory bid us smile,"

embodies a rather questionable use of "bid," the present, for "bade," the past tense, which the writer obviously intends to use; and yet again, in

"But unforgotten for evermore,"

this intentional poet forgets that forevermore—a compound of for and evermore, to be sure—should be written as one word and not subjected to the process of spacing, as if two words instead. Perhaps, however, correctness is more than is to be expected of a common poetaster. A third enthusiast, in the same week's issue, bursts the bonds of silence thus:

"Mystery? Why, all creation
With large mysteries is grand,
But full many doors will open
To the reverent, thoughtful hand."

A carping critic would be likely to ask what the poet means by the second line, taken altogether, and whether "large" is commercially used or is to be interpreted as if written large with mysteries-grand, which would be passable sublimity in a poetaster; though, in either case, why the fact that creation is large with grand mysteries should be interpreted as any just reason wherefore full many doors should open—or should not—to the reverent, thoughtful hand, is a question to be explained by the concocter of this stanza of sublimated bombast. In the same poem the writer has coined so villanous a participial adjective as "fruitioned," which is more abominable to decent English than the bombast amid which he has

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smothered it. From the next succeeding issue of the poetaster-beridden journal take the following stanza :

"A level breadth of yellow sand ;
Sun-smitten waves that rise and fall ;
Two cedars leaning toward the land ;
And pale clouds floating over all."

For the better original of which the curious reader is referred to George Arnold's *Drift*—a remark which is peculiarly applicable to the seven other stanzas of similar import of which the one quoted acts as captain. This intended poem is supplemented in the same issue (June 27) by six others so stupid as to be beneath criticism—poems to which might be justly applied the laconic remark of a curt critic of Bulwer's effusions, namely, that they are original at few points, and that, whenever they are original, they are the worse for being so. The best of a week's issue having been selected, the reader may be left to judge of the execrableness of the general stock, which is only to be expressed critically by the single adjective, stupid, in italics for emphasis and picketed with a dozen exclamation points.

The examples given must, however, suffice for purposes of present literary emetic—though that any editor should be guilty of deliberately accepting, paying for, and printing doggerel so atrocious must be admitted as rather pitiful comment upon the general average of editorial intelligence. Bad prose is bad enough, but this whipped bonny-clabber of mixed metaphor and petty plagiarism is intolerable. A poetic censorship of the press should be made a matter of statutory law for the sake of the public morals, and for the sake of literary morals especially.

MAKING LOVE.

SO many couples on so many sea-shores and so many mountain-tops, at so many spas and so many lake-sides, strolling hand-in-hand through so many quiet country lanes in sweet communion or sweeter silence, floating among the lily-pads under the tender smiles of so many various stars, with only the muffled oar-beats to break the freighted quiet, or looking out from shadowy piazzas on the transfigured beauty of moonlit waves—so many young people of all conditions are just now surfeiting themselves on lotos and fancying that the whole business and concern of life is summed up in the two words which head this article, that we may be pardoned for giving some space to the consideration of what is at once a popular and diverting pastime and a curious social phenomenon. Certainly there is no fashionable amusement so simple and so admirably adapted to every variety of taste ; none which it requires so little capital to compass. Rich and poor alike may indulge in its pleasures to their hearts' content ; and John and Mary sitting on the stile derive quite as much enjoyment from its tender mysteries as Adolphus and Georgina under frescoed ceilings. Especially and deservedly does it hold first place in the estimation of the charming creatures whose suffrages make or mar the fortunes of every social sport. And nowhere more than at the watering-place is its popularity or its variety of attraction manifest. Other games there are whose giddy hour of triumph may seem to overshadow it, but they fade and are forgotten in a moment, and it lives always. Nor can those with more permanent elements of amusement to insure them a longer lease of favor compete with it for a moment. Boating has its charms ; bathing is not to be despised ; croquet does admirably to while away a tedious morning ; martelle may serve to shorten a lingering afternoon ; the charming mysteries of planchette may lend liveliness to the night ; even the billiard-room is not sacred from the invasion of feminine feet ; the bowling-alley is not seldom brightened by feminine loveliness, and the waltz, of course, is always divine. It is pleasant too, with some congenial spirit, to sit down over crochet or needle-work to the serene happiness of unravelling the darker skeins in the reputations of one's absent friends. But not for an instant can any of these be compared to the delights of love-making, which, indeed, includes and adorns them all—which even finds in them the fittest field for its exercise. On the croquet-ground or in the billiard-room one may make love quite as well as in the parlor or the conservatory ; nay, even in the surf the rosy god does not lose his sway, and we have heard of vows exchanged right under Neptune's impotent nose that not even the *outré* horrors of bathing-rig could frighten, and that sealed the destinies of two fond hearts for an eternity of at least a week.

But though the diversion is thus widely known and ardently followed, it is not every one who understands its more artistic difficulties or can appreciate its subtler distinctions. Love-making is by most people confounded with flirtation, of which it is merely the prelude or

the result. Flirtation is essentially and necessarily an affair of two, while love-making may be—perhaps we should rather say must be—only an affair of one. Nor is it exactly loving, which is an entirely spontaneous and involuntary outburst of emotion, very different from the perceptible effort at affection of which one is conscious in making love and which its very name implies. As a rule, a man makes love to a woman with the hope of luring her into a flirtation ; a woman usually makes love to a man with the desire of coaxing him back into a flirtation which he has abandoned. Women enter a flirtation coyly, but they are quite as reluctant to retire ; either their feelings become more warmly engaged than they are aware or would be willing to admit, or their vanity is interested not to lose an apparent conquest ; or it may be there is even in this simulated and counterfeit affection something which, lacking the true article, gratifies a natural yearning of their hearts. Though the assertion may be regarded as preposterous, yet we are satisfied that women oftener than men are hurt in a real, downright flirtation, at least up to the period when the last vestige of tenderness has been frittered away in these amorous frivolities. They do not show it to every careless glance ; a tranquil eye, a quiet smile give the curious world assurance of their safety and heartlessness, and divert all its compassion to the masculine victims of their fascinations. But then it must be considered that they have reasons for concealment which men have not ; that a woman's life is usually one long Spartan struggle with secret pain, and that, to use a serviceable commonplace, a smiling face may cover an aching heart. The very need of concealment aggravates the wound till it festers instead of healing. With men it is different. It touches one's vanity certainly to get the mitten, to have thrust upon one's conviction that pitiless implication that one's fascinations are exhausted or faded, that some one else has been found to fill one's place as the most accomplished, the most agreeable, the splendidest of men. The sense of injury at so unjustifiable an outrage is apt to be poignant enough, but the hurt is, after all, only skin deep, the merest abrasion of the moral cuticle, easily to be healed by a simple homœopathic treatment. Consolation is swift to come in the tender balm of kindlier smiles if not more faithful. The exaggerated horror of being jilted which women feel men seldom experience, because other men as a rule are too self-absorbed to enjoy the exquisite delight that women take in probing and keeping open the wounds of their unluckier sisters.

So it is that men oftener make love at the beginning and women at the end of a flirtation, and it must be confessed the former is much the more amusing. Once a man has got thoroughly tired of an affair of this kind, no nods and becks and wreathed smiles, no gifts of embroidered slippers or elaborately useless watchpockets, will avail to lure him back into the toils ; and it is not altogether a pleasant sight, even to the most philosophic and cynical observer, to detect underneath all this pretty coquetry of fascination the dumb agony of irreparable loss, the paralyzing conviction of inevitable old-maidhood. There is too much at stake to allow a woman's love-making to be very enjoyable to any one, not even to its object, whom, if he be a man of any sensibility at all, it flatters not nearly so much as it distresses. But masculine love-making is never more than half in earnest, differing from flirtation in this, that it does not even imply any serious desire on the part of the performer to persuade himself that he is in earnest ; purely and simply it is only *pour passer le temps*. Commonly, as we have said, it ends in flirtation, sometimes in love, but rarely. Love is numbed in the chill shadow of insincerity. But love-making comes as natural to youth and ardor as breathing or fancy neck-ties ; a single glance of liquid eyes, a smile of tender meaning, a pressure of dimpled hands, will suffice to light in every young and manly heart a perfect conflagration of amorous gallantries. Compliments are the natural language of love-making, which, indeed, consists in little more than *conter des fleurs-elles*. Not every one, to be sure, has the art of telling flowerets with grace and ease, of complementing with the subtlety of look or gesture the delicate reticence of word. But then neither do all women require or appreciate this refinement of flattery ; and some sort of compliment most men can turn and all women love. What is more natural, for example, while Herbert and Angelina from the beach are pensively admiring the sunset, than for Herbert to whisper softly in the attentive ear that the glories of the dying orb are surpassed by certain blushing cheeks he knows of ; or later, under some clouded moon, to murmur that Cynthia has veiled her face in envy at the more dazzling brightness

of certain eyes. Things of this sort every man who is young enough, and not absolutely barbarian, is capable of ; and however she may protest her detestation of flattery, no woman dislikes to hear that her cheeks are fair or her eyes bright, even through the medium of such extravagant hyperbole.

This is the way it usually begins, and what avails to detail its progress from the first timid offering of flower or book to the bolder advance of bouquet or the final success of a box at the opera ? After this last crowning triumph the ardor of such love-making usually abates unless the object of all this expenditure of rhetoric, time, and money gives such unmistakable evidence of appreciation as shall culminate in a regular flirtation. If not, the victim usually sighs profoundly, tries very hard to imagine he is in the deepest sorrow, neglects to shave himself for a day or two, and mutters unspeakable things between his set teeth. This is the crisis of the complaint, and in a week he is commonly retailing his sweetest sayings to another divinity, offering his most fragrant incense at another shrine. Everybody is amused and nobody hurt, and the ladies all vote that never was so charming a fellow, and that being made love to is the very most delightful thing you can possibly conceive.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

EMANUEL LEUTZE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE :

SIR : Those of us who knew Leutze in the full vigor of manhood and are familiar with the brilliant creations of his brain find it difficult to realize his death. He died on Saturday last, the 18th inst., in a room which looked out upon the national Capitol, where his painting of "Westward Ho!" is a leading attraction, and the only member of his family who attended his death-bed was his youngest daughter. His remains were deposited on Tuesday last in a vault in Glenwood Cemetery, with a view to their ultimate removal to some other locality.

My acquaintance with this accomplished man commenced in 1851, in Washington City, where it was my privilege to dine with him at Mr. Webster's table, and who, by the way, entertained a very high opinion of the artist. The last time I saw him was on Pennsylvania Avenue, near the Treasury Department. While we were chatting together Walt Whitman, the eccentric writer, passed by, and I remarked, "Do you know that man?" He said no ; and when I told him who he was, he replied, "Is that so ? I am anxious to have a look at him ;" and, excusing himself, hurried off, and in a moment I saw him adroitly scanning the features of the author as they both passed into the department building.

The business which called him to Washington in 1851 was to look after the exhibition of his "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and to paint one or two portraits for Mr. George W. Riggs, who afterward ordered for his gallery the picture of "The Venetian Maskers ;" it was then, also, that he received orders from Mr. W. W. Corcoran for two of the best pictures in his gallery, viz., "Milton entertaining Cromwell" and "The Amazon and her Children," and at the same time he painted for the writer of this letter "A Mounted Pioneer," which was the original of the leading figure in the national painting of "Westward Ho!"

At the time in question I asked Mr. Leutze for the leading events of his life, partly for my own gratification and partly with a view of eventually printing them, and from the notes then taken I submit, with a few later facts, the following particulars : He was born in Gmund, Württemberg, May 24, 1816, and when a mere child his parents emigrated to this country, settling in Philadelphia. In that city he received the rudiments of a good education, and acquired the preliminary knowledge of an art which he fancied from his earliest boyhood. It was while attending at the bed of his sick father that he first began to draw, by way of beguiling his leisure moments. In his fifteenth year he produced a portrait which was his first effort in oil, and his first composition piece was the figure of an Indian contemplating the setting sun, which won for him the friendship of Edward S. Carey, and eventually resulted in his illustrations of the poems of Wm. C. Bryant, one of which, "The Catterskill Falls," is, in my opinion, unsurpassed for its exquisite beauty and sentiment among the productions of that class. In 1836 he visited Washington, under orders from a Philadelphia publisher, for the purpose of painting portraits of certain famous men, but as the project failed he bolted for the interior of Virginia, where, as a wandering painter of portraits, he remained until 1841. In the early part of that year, assisted by his friend Carey, he went to Europe, studied for a time as a pupil of the famous Lessing, in Düsseldorf, visited the most celebrated galleries of art between London and Constantinople, won and married a German wife, and finally settled down to hard work in Düsseldorf. The kindness of the German heart to strangers, and especially to Americans, and the German blood in his veins, naturally caused him to fraternize with the artists and people of Düsseldorf, so that he immediately felt at home, and during his several lengthened sojourns in Europe that city was always his home. With the types of national character in Europe he became sufficiently well acquainted to grapple

successfully with any idea that suggested itself to his mind, and among the European subjects which he depicted with rare skill and power may be mentioned the following: "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," "The Court of Queen Elizabeth," "The Puritan and his Daughter," "The Iconoclasts," "The Amazon and her Children," "The Image-Breaker," "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca," "Columbus in Chains," "Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella," "John Knox and Queen Mary," "Landing of the Northmen in America," "Cromwell and his Daughter," "Milton before Cromwell," "Raleigh in Prison," and "Venetian Maskers," together with a variety of purely imaginative illustrations of the poets. Many of the above pictures were purchased by patrons of art in this country, but while the artist's American friends were pleased to know that he was accomplishing so many admirable things illustrative of European history, many of them publicly expressed their regret that he should have so completely exiled his pencil as well as his person from the land where he spent his boyhood.

But in thus censuring the young artist those who knew him not were doing him a wrong. The truth was, at that very period, instead of forgetting his adopted country, Leutze was studying almost nothing but the history and characteristics of this country, animated by the noble and the single hope that he would yet be able to portray, in a worthy manner, upon his canvas some of the more splendid events of its history. After making two or three prolonged visits to this country, he finally settled in New York in 1859, where he continued to reside until a few months before his death, when he came to Washington to carry out, in a quiet studio, certain extensive plans in regard to one or two pictures connected with our Pacific possessions. Several years before he entered upon the execution of his American pictures he identified himself in a most creditable manner with the history of South America by producing his "Attack on the Temple of the Aztecs by Cortez." Although, when true to himself, his power of drawing and knowledge of color were well-nigh consummate, he had one great difficulty to contend with, which was the want of a type of American character, especially a type that would help him to delineate the men whose characters were moulded by the Revolution. While all the more prominent countries of the world were old enough in civilization to be characterized by a type, he saw that the United States, though marching on to immense power and greatness, was without this symbol of distinction. He discovered the type for which he was seeking in a peculiar contraction of the brow and a brilliant eye, and a mouth which denoted indomitable perseverance, industry, energy, and fearlessness. No sooner had he made this discovery than it appeared to him as plain as a solved riddle. This type was, indeed, the enigma of his life, and absorbed his thoughts for a period of six years. In less than nine months after his mind had settled itself upon his new ideas he painted his first American picture, of "Washington Crossing the Delaware." This was followed by "Washington rallying his Troops at Monmouth," "Washington at Princeton," "Washington at Monongahela," "News from Lexington," "Sergeant Jasper," "Battle of Yorktown," by a number of full-length historical portraits, by Hester Prynne and Little Pearl, from Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, and finally by his great picture of "Westward Ho!" painted for the general government. While it is true that his purely American pictures are sufficiently numerous and meritorious to give him a lasting reputation, it is also true that what he accomplished in that direction was only the beginning of what he hoped to perform. But a full account of Leutze's productions cannot even be catalogued in this brief letter, and of course this is not the time nor place to enter upon an analysis of his exalted genius. That he was an artist of very superior ability has been acknowledged by the best European and American critics, and that he was remarkably industrious is proved by the large number of his pictures extant, a majority of which are owned in this country. His personal appearance and nervous manner denoted him to be a man of genius, and his attainments as a scholar were decidedly creditable. But gifted as he was in intellect he was also a man of rare physical courage and endurance, as the following incidents will illustrate: He once accomplished within the limits of a single day, and unattended by a guide, the ascent of one of the highest mountains of Switzerland; and although he suffered exceedingly from fatigue and cold and thirst, he returned to his lodgings in the valley without the least injury. On another occasion, when about to journey down the Rhine, the little boat in which he was to sail went off without him, whereupon, as the case was urgent, he recklessly jumped into the water and attempted to swim to the boat. It was in the month of October, the water was bitter cold, and that portion of the Rhine was a continual whirlpool or rapid. The result was that the current obtained the mastery over him and swept him down the stream a distance of five miles, when he regained the boat, which had been detained by an accident, and was taken on board in safety. My present object, however, is not to indite a biography of the lamented Leutze, but simply to throw a wreath of "sorrowing rue" upon his grave, befitting my admiration and love for one who, as an artist, was without a superior in many particulars either in this or any other country.

Yours very truly,
CHARLES LANMAN.

GEORGETOWN, July 23, 1868.

GOOD NEWS FOR MISS INGELOW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: The long-expected *Good News* has at last made its tardy appearance. If it shall find *Christian* customers (which it so ostentatiously desires, to the implied exclusion of others) enough to support it, I have no objection. Nor do I now desire to proclaim the faults or laud the virtues of the youthful magazine. It shows a spirit of independence and vigor worthy of encouragement. But, as a literary man, I must protest against its labored attempt to make a great poet (not poetess, it seems) of Miss Ingelow. Her writings are very pretty; but when *The Story of Doom* is compared with *Paradise Lost* (!) it is time to protest. Admitting all that is said about it, it is strange that her admirer did not see how easy it is to write such poetry. Take the two paragraphs in which he gives part of the "argument" of the story, and see how easy it is to turn them into verses very like those so much praised. Here they are:

"The voice bids him go forth to warn the world of coming doom. He hesitates. His wife, his sons, his friends dissuade. All things continue as they were! How unlikely that God will drown the world! Occasionally, at intervals of years, he hears the voice. He goes forth to preach. He travels through the earth. Men say that he is mad. Sometimes he almost thinks the same himself. Perhaps he had a dream. All men mock at him. His carpenters build in his absence, and mock the more when he returns. He argues with the men he meets, as with the giants in the passage above; but the arguments and struggles he has with himself alone are fiercer by far.

"So always in every age does man, called of God to any work for Him, contend alike with foes without and foes within. So always everywhere does lack of faith prove the most bitter of his enemies. So always, still struggling onward through the dimness, comes he at last to see and know clearly that he has not followed fables when, yielding his spirit to the Mighty Guide, he went forth to do His will."

Now for the blank-verse:

"The voice bids him go forth to warn the world
Of coming doom. He hesitates. His wife
Dissuades. His sons, his friends, all add their voice
To hers. All things continue as they were.
How little likely 't is that God will drown
The world! At intervals of years he hears
Again the voice, and wanders forth to preach.
He travels through the earth. Men say that he
Is mad. Sometimes he almost thinks the same
Himself. Perhaps he had a dream. All men
Do mock at him. His carpenters do build
While he is absent, and but mock the more
When he returns. He argues with the men
He meets as with the giants named above;
But with himself alone has arguments
And struggles of the heart more fierce by far.

"So—always so—in ev'ry age does man,
Man called of God to do a work for Him,
Contend alike with foes without and foes
Within. So always ev'rywhere does lack
Of faith prove the most bitter of his strong
And bitter enemies. So, struggling onward still
Through dimness, comes he, yet at last, clearly
To see and know that not mere fables did
He follow when, his spirit yielding to
The Mighty Guide, forthwent he to the wicked
World to do His will."

I submit whether this versification of the critic (for I have scarce added a dozen words) is not itself almost or quite equal to that of Miss Ingelow?

Very truly yours,

LITERA.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

STE-BEUVE'S CELEBRATED WOMEN.*

A WORK from the pen of one who may with justice be considered the most accomplished of living critics, skillfully rendered by a capable and appreciative translator, cannot fail to be deeply interesting to all intelligent readers. In the work of M. Sainte-Beuve there is a felicitous union of literary criticism of the most delicate and searching character with a vein of uniformly elevated moral sentiment; free from all pedantry and scholastic coldness, his fervent enthusiasm, liberality, and polished intelligence give an enduring charm to his writings, which are at once lively and profound, brilliant and instructive. In felicity of personal portraiture the author has no superior. This is a branch of literature at once useful and rare. A species of biography not alone of the acts and achievements of eminent persons, but of their inner life, their feelings and motives, presses so closely on history that to draw the necessary line of distinction requires great tact and discrimination. The task is not easy, but it is one for which M. Sainte-Beuve is eminently qualified. The celebrated women whose portraits are now drawn illustrate the period at which they lived, a period extending from the palmy days of Louis XIV. till the close of that great drama whose curtain fell at Waterloo; a period which, whether we consider it in a literary, social, or political point of view, is unquestionably the most memorable in the annals of France. The first sketch is of Madame de Sévigné, that bright ornament of the *salon* which was then in the zenith of its splendor; that devoted and

fond mother, who in the midst of the most luxurious society, courted for her extreme beauty no less than for her brilliant talent, was possessed by one sole passion—her love for her children, to which we owe those delightful letters to her daughter, that correspondence of twenty-six years' duration, so full of tenderness, so lively, clear, and just, and which displays such a capacity of womanly affection.

"She was fond" (says the author), "even to folly, of her children, her daughter especially. To the other passions she remained a stranger. She was a smiling blonde, not in the least voluptuous, but very playful and animated. The lightnings of her intellect flashed and faded in her changeable eyes, and, as she herself said, in her veined eyelids. She became a *précieuse*. She was beloved, flattered, and courted in the world. She scattered all around her the seeds of unhappy passions, whereof she took none too much heed, and magnanimously kept as friends those whom she did not want for lovers."

The author declines to enter into an analysis of Madame de Sévigné's style, which, as he says, has been so frequently and so elaborately criticised by others, but remarks:

"Malherbe and Balzac laid the foundation in our literature of the scholarly, chastened, polished, and elaborate style, in the infancy of which the expression of thought is attained by slow degrees, through tentation and erasure. . . . But side by side with this species of writing, always slightly uniform and academic, there is another and very different style, free, capricious, mobile, without traditional method, and thoroughly adaptable to the diversities of talent and genius. Montaigne and Regnier had already produced admirable specimens of it, and Queen Margaret a charming one in her memoirs—the work of a few afternoons. It is a style broad, careless, rich, which follows the flow of the thought—a direct, impulsive style, to speak after the manner of Montaigne himself. It is the style of La Fontaine and Molière, Fénelon and Bossuet, the Duke de Saint-Simon and Madame de Sévigné. The latter excels in it."

United by the closest ties of friendship with this charming woman was Madame de Lafayette, the subject of the next sketch, and who is designated by Boileau "the most intellectual woman and best female writer in France." This seems to be very high praise for one who has left such slight traces of her power upon the literature of her country, but it is evident that she possessed intellect of an unusual order, ripened by an education by no means common among women of her time. Her classic attainments and refined taste enabled her to make great improvements in certain styles of writing in vogue in France, and to raise the novel to a higher standard of excellence than it had hitherto attained; but her greater celebrity was in a measure owing to the unwavering affection which subsisted between Madame de Sévigné and herself, and perhaps even more to her friendship for M. de la Rochefoucauld.

"If Madame de Lafayette reformed the romance of chivalry and sentiment, as then existing in France, and introduced that particular form of the novel where fancy is to some extent reconciled with observation, it may also be affirmed that she was the first to furnish a really illustrious example of those refined, legitimate, enduring attachments, sacred in their constancy, which sometimes pervade each hour and moment of a life for years before its close. Friendships like these were characteristic of the habits of the old social régime, and well-nigh perished with it."

The glories of the Hôtel Rambouillet passed away with this their last inheritor, but the life of the *salon* was not yet extinct, although the *réunions* were tinged with the varying character of the times. The sun of the house of Bourbon had well-nigh set, and already distant murmurs had been heard of that great social earthquake which overthrew the oldest dynasty in Europe, and shook society to its foundations, before the writings of the refined and highly-bred Madame de Souza became known to the world. The sketch of this accomplished woman is one of the most charming in the book, and the reflections with which it is prefaced are as true as they are gracefully expressed.

With each succeeding essay we mark the changing condition of society. New ideas and bolder political views, shadowed forth by that most daring of speculators, Jean Jacques Rousseau, were gradually gaining ground; the greatest intellects were exercised to give direction to the impending and inevitable struggle. With the portraiture of Madame Roland and Madame de Staël we are carried through the convulsions and horrors of the Reign of Terror to that terrible *dénouement* which made of French society a perfect chaos, from which it only partially emerged during the Empire, assuming a *doctrinaire* tone through the fifteen years of the Restoration; and since which it has so fallen into decay, has so diminished in all the thorough-bred elegance and high breeding which once constituted its essential charm—when personal and intellectual superiority took decidedly the lead of wealth—that restoration has become impossible. Foremost in that group of sincere patriots who welcomed the revolution as a means of securing the liberty and happiness of the people stands Madame Roland, the beautiful, high-minded, and accomplished woman who was the social centre of the party, who inspired its most generous resolutions, through whose celebrated memoirs it is known and honored, whose life and writings truly represent the condition of mind of its

*Portraits of Celebrated Women. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Translated from the French by H. W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

founders, and who was herself one of its noblest martyrs.

"She is" (says M. Sainte-Beuve) "its genius—strong, pure, graceful. She is its muse, glorious and austere, with all the sanctity of martyrdom. But the idealized form of expression which our subject naturally suggests ought studiously to be restrained, for in approaching this illustrious woman we have to deal with a simple, grave, historic personage."

The high appreciation entertained by the distinguished critic for Madame Roland, and the graceful tribute to her memory in the two chapters appropriated to this subject, form some atonement for the injustice with which the motives of this remarkable woman are misrepresented by a great French historian. To M. Sainte-Beuve, Madame Roland appears as—

"One of the most eloquent and incorruptible, and one of the finest models of study of that race of politicians who had longed for '89, and whom '89 did not fatigue, nor even satisfy. From the first she is consciously and confessedly in the vanguard. 'Destiny, in causing our own birth to coincide with that of freedom, has made us like that forlorn hope which must needs fight and conquer for the army. It is for us to perform our tasks well, and so prepare the happiness of future generations.' While she continues to take this broad, philosophic view of the situation her magnanimous attitude is in harmony with truth, and time has only consecrated her words. The spirit of disinterestedness requisite in public affairs finds noble and vigorous expression beneath her pen. 'When one is not used,' she says, 'to identify his own interest and honor with the general good and glory he makes but insignificant progress, being absorbed in self and utterly losing sight of his true end and aim.'"

It would be difficult to find an era in the world's history so abundantly filled with characters above the level of ordinary capacities, and so fairly entitled to a prominent and permanent station in political, literary, and social records, beings so capable of reflecting back upon their times some portion of the celebrity—we might say the lustre—which the times conferred on them, as that which boasts among its illustrious names those of Madame Roland; Madame Duras; the sensitive and purely religious author of *Valerie*, Madame Krudener, whose spiritual influence was acknowledged by emperors and queens, the closing years of whose life were passed in pious exhortation and acts of charity; Madame de Ramuset, with whom Napoleon and Talleyrand delighted to converse, the author of many charming works, of which the latest and most important was a treatise on female education, whom M. Sainte-Beuve characterizes as "one of the most earnest, the most refined, the most intelligent, and most docile minds bequeathed by the old social order to the new." Such an array of names would be incomplete without that of the illustrious author of *Corinne* and of a long list of works which alone would have sufficed for an enduring fame, had not her wonderful powers of conversation and distinguished position in political and social life rendered the daughter of Necker famous, and added, as Chateaubriand said of her, "one more to the names that will not die."

"All the faculties of Madame de Staël" (says the author of these portraits) "received from the violent storm through which she had just passed a thrilling impulse, and were stimulated, generally, to rapid flight. Her imagination, her sensibility, her accuracy of analysis and judgement, blended and coalesced into unity beneath the pen which soon produced memorable works. The essay on fiction, composed at this time, foreshadows all the poetry of Delphine. Grieved at the aspect of the real, the imagination of Madame de Staël fondly betakes itself to better and fairer creations, or at least to sorrows, the memory and tale of which move to softer tears. At the same time it is for the genuine romance of nature, for the analysis and dramatization of human passions, that Madame de Staël is especially distinguished among fictitious writers."

It would be out of place here to enter into an analysis of all the works of this eminent writer which have been so ably criticised, and whose life portrait has been drawn with such sympathetic appreciation by the author of the present volume; nor shall we pause to comment on the persecution, so little worthy of Napoleon, which elicited from Madame de Staël the well-known letter written to him on the occasion of his first order for her exile, in which she says: "You are giving me a sad celebrity. I shall occupy one of the pages in your history."

The *salon* of Madame de Duras represents the era of the Restoration, exclusive, intellectual, refined, shining with the reflected splendor of the past, the glowing embers of a fire which, once extinguished, could never be rekindled. Madame de Duras was not exactly a woman of genius, but she possessed a sort of brilliant and ephemeral talent, united, curiously enough, to solid Christian virtues. "Like the epoch which it was her mission to represent and adorn, she concealed beneath a brilliant and finely-toned exterior more than one struggle, more than one storm." The concluding essay—devoted to Madame Guizot—is full of beautiful and earnest thought, and worthy of one whose intellectual gifts and rare virtues adorned the station to which she was called. In these interesting portraits the history of a most remarkable period is so attractively shadowed forth that we might almost say of them with Alexander Dumas, when, in his endeavor to extol the works of a modern historian, he exclaimed, "*C'est l'histoire élevée à la hauteur du roman*," were it not for the superior eloquence, earnestness, and elevated thought of the essays.

With the desire expressed by the painstaking translator in her preface we most heartily concur, namely, that this brilliant and suggestive book may be the means of infusing into American society—which, as she says, is too generally either frigid or extremely frivolous—a little of the *spirituel* grace of the French *salon*; and of suggesting to her countrywomen the possibility of sober and useful literary careers, which they may enter by abjuring vanity and paying "the ennobling fee of patient thought and conscientious study." The latter result does not seem to us so difficult of attainment; but for the former they must look for examples far back into the history of the past, when wealth was powerless to achieve social distinction, and the people who founded the traditions of social excellence were free from the pre-occupation of mere money-getting. The age of the delightful *Causeries* has passed away; the art of conversation is no longer cultivated; we have talk, argument, political discussion, sermons, and scandal, a succession of downright challenges from controversialists and self-styled critics; but that easy flow of endless variety, the polished wit, that species of intercourse which is founded on extensive mental cultivation, is nowhere to be found since the taste for it no longer exists. The times are pregnant with new and strange interests; restlessness and distrust have made their impression no less on the manners than on the minds of the people; the present is unstable, the future one of anxious expectation. Meanwhile that the educated and thoughtful hold their peace and shrink into obscurity *parvenus* and speculators rule the hour.

LIFE IN THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.*

THE appearance of Col. Sarmiento's book on *Life in the Argentine Republic*, in an English translation for readers in the United States, may be considered, together with the favorable reception given to Mr. Hassaurek's and Prof. Agassiz's works, as evidence of an increasing desire on the part of our people to arouse themselves from their deplorable ignorance concerning the governments of South America. It is true that their chronic state of intestine strife, attended by misrule and bloodshed almost beyond belief, the life of each republic representing in more or less degree a wearisome repetition of the same sad story, is some palliation for the apathy with which those unhappy peoples have generally been regarded; and with the exception, perhaps, of Brazil and Chili, there seems to the casual observer but little if any improvement on the lawlessness which has now become the normal condition of a South American state, and excites in the outside observer only contempt and disgust. But if one looks below the surface and carefully studies the incentives to action, the cause and effect of these perpetual disorders, he will see that this conflict is but the conflict of great principles, of progress and retrogression, of the effete past and the vigorous future, of the Ormuzd and Ahriman, the good and the evil principle, which have always struggled for mastery in the heart of man, and in the heart of every community and state; principles destined, under varying metamorphoses but with the same spirit, to maintain an "irrepressible conflict" until the final triumph of the good and the lasting reign of the Prince of Peace.

Now, as is suggested in the title of Col. Sarmiento's work, this is exactly what we may discern going on in South America, if we only have the patience to observe the contending parties carefully and impartially; there we see the time-enduring conflict between "civilization and barbarism" under new phases. In the Argentine Republic the struggle is represented by Barbarism hurling her hordes of ignorant and brutal Gauchos, or bushwackers of the Llanos, with knife, spear, and lasso in hand, against the few but firm companions of truth, order, education, and freedom, hand in hand with law—in a word, of civilization; to borrow a figure from the national costumes distinctive of the two parties, it is, in fine, whether the Argentine shall wear the poncho or the dress-coat.

Col. Domingo Sarmiento, well known in this country as ambassador of the Argentine Republic, is, perhaps, less known as the leader of the reform party in his country, whose greatest benefactor he has been by introducing there, through vast difficulties, the most complete system of education in South America. But this has been only one of his many titles to the esteem of his countrymen, who have successively, and unsolicited, bestowed upon him the positions of chief of

the department of schools, senator, minister of state, governor of his native province, and ambassador to the United States; and have now nominated him, though absent, as the reform candidate for the presidency. All this has been without any sacrifice of principle on his part, or any swerving from the line of duty which he marked out for himself from the first. Nor has it been alone as author, editor, educator, and statesman that he has been distinguished; he has successfully fought for the national cause, and calmly faced death more than once at the hands of the infamous tyrants who have cursed his native soil. His work is a narrative of the civil discord that succeeded the liberation of the country from the Spanish yoke; it is excellently written, much of it being drawn from the writer's personal experience, and gives us graphic pictures of a society but very little known as yet among us. It was first published years ago, during the author's exile in Chili, at which time it excited much attention in Europe. This translation is from the third edition. That after such an interval it should appear in English with the author's sanction, and with so few corrections, is evidence that, while political changes of importance have occurred since then, the condition of society at large must still remain substantially as described in these vivid and impartial pages. The reader is greatly indebted to the wife of the late Horace Mann for the biographical sketch of the author appended to the translation, giving us an insight into the extraordinary attainments and achievements of one of the most remarkable and pure-minded patriots of the age, as well as a faint conception of the enormous difficulties with which he and all reformers have to contend when opposed by popular ignorance and prejudice.

LIBRARY TABLE.

J. P. LANGE'S COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Edited by Philip Schaff, D.D.—II. Vol. I. of the Old Testament: Genesis. By Dr. Lange. Translated, with additions, by Taylor Lewis, LL.D., Schenectady, N. Y., and A. Gosman, D.D., Lawrenceville, N. J.—III. Vol. VI. of New Testament: The Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians. By C. F. Kling, D.D., Dean of Marbach. Translated by Daniel W. Poor, D.D., Newark, N. J., and Charles P. Wing, D.D., Carlisle, Pa. New York: Scribner & Co. 1868.—These solid volumes give substantial evidence that the interest in biblical interpretation is on the increase in this country. No exegetical work ever published here has been so copious and costly, and none has ever had such immediate and wide success. Very much of this is doubtless owing to the zeal and skill of both editor and publisher—wisely adapting the work to our needs, making with prudence a large venture, and raising the book above any merely sectarian bias or limits. The fact is, that the ministers of this country are a large and growing body of students, and they must have books for their profession up to the standard of the times. Such works, well executed, will meet with success. A considerable proportion of our educated laity also need such works for reference and occasional study. There are, undoubtedly, some respects in which this voluminous and prolix commentary does not exactly correspond to the ideal of an exegetical work. It is not a work of strict philological art. It does not give just what is needful and no more. Dr. Lange often disports in fancies—he is prolific and exuberant. The translators add notes and comments from miscellaneous sources. The process is necessarily that of aggregation rather than of incorporation. Several men are at work at once, and separately, on the same material. The *Homiletic Hints* are too diffuse for most readers; hardly any one, except a minister in search of a sermon, will read them through. If any one only wants an exact interpretation of the text, he has to go through a good deal of matter to arrive at it. But, on the other hand, when one has the time and is engaged in these investigations, he will find stimulus and help in the variety of opinions which are embodied in just such a repository. And in general, in respect to the additions made by the American translators, it may be fairly said that these add to the real value of the work for the uses of our ministers, and advantageously supplement the original, especially in the criticism of the text and in the homiletical section. Dr. Lewis's additions to *Genesis* are among the most significant of the original investigations peculiar to the American edition. No scholar in this country is equally competent to this difficult and delicate task. His own writings on some of the primeval questions have an undisputed pre-eminence, both in a philological and philosophical point of view. His *Special Introduction to Genesis*, and his various dissertations interspersed in the commentary, show the marks of ripe scholarship and philosophical comprehension. They are valuable additions to all that Lange has said, and establish the superiority of the American over the German edition. That the American is superior to the Edinburgh translation is shown by the fact that the publishers of the latter have suspended their work, and sent out large orders for Scribner's edition. Dr. Gosman's translation of the *General Introduction to Genesis*,

**Life in the Argentine Republic in the Days of the Tyrants; or, Civilization and Barbarism.* From the Spanish of Domingo F. Sarmiento, LL.D. New York: Hurd & Houghton, 1868.

and of the commentary on ch. xii. to xxxvi., is creditable to his scholarship. The American edition, as a whole, has about one-fourth more matter than the original German. The additions to it are chiefly from sources not noticed by Dr. Lange. The other volume, by Dr. Kling, Dean of Marbach (born 1800, and died 1861), on the *Epistle to the Corinthians*, has been well translated by Dr. Poor, of Newark, and Dr. Wing, of Carlisle—the latter already favorably known by his translation of Hase's *Church History*. Dr. Poor remarks that "the changes made have been mainly in substituting an English text for the Greek, excepting where the latter was absolutely required to render the comment intelligible; in intercalating this text throughout the body of the commentary, instead of putting a few catch-words at the head of the paragraphs; in breaking up the majority of the ponderous sentences into their component parts (a few being left as specimens here and there to show what a German scholar is capable of in this direction), and in omitting some portions of the homiletical and practical sections which seemed to be needlessly extended." Dr. Poor shows that he wisely understood the office of a translator and editor. He and Dr. Wing have given extracts from some of the best English, German, and American commentaries, to supplement the original—amounting in all to an addition of one-fourth to the original. As to the utility of these additions, and the skill with which both Dr. Poor and Dr. Wing have executed their work, we think there will be but one opinion among the readers of this commentary.

The Poems of John Godfrey Saxe. Complete in one volume. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.—Mr. Saxe's position is so well defined in the estimation of the public that it is unnecessary for us to reopen the question how far his popularity is deserved, or to add anything to the opinion which we expressed in reviewing, on a former occasion, the greater part of the poems included in the present volume. That opinion we have not materially changed, and we find nothing in the present volume which should induce us to change it; while the volume itself shows in the best possible manner how very far the reading public is from sharing or endorsing our convictions. If popularity be a test of merit, Mr. Saxe certainly has merit to an extraordinary degree; and, whether or no, he must certainly have derived from his labors that material recompense which can enable him to snap his fingers in the face of the impartial critic. Whether humorous poetry be or be not a contradiction in terms, or whether Mr. Saxe has joined precisely that quality of humor to precisely that quantity of poetry which should persuade us to waive the doubt, is at this day a sufficiently unimportant question. Evidently the people like him and read him, and if we can't agree with Mr. Saxe and his admirers, that is our misfortune, and not their fault. Yet, whatever we think of the literary merit of this collection, it would be unfair not to pay tribute to the cordiality and bonhomie which everywhere bubble through Mr. Saxe's pages, and which make us believe we should like the author better than his book.

Upside Down; or, Will and Work. By Rosa Abbott. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.—This book is by no means equal in interest or execution to *Alexis*, by the same author. It gives a dreary experience of the mortifications and privations of poverty, and some examples of the contemptible pride which rich and ignorant people exhibit toward their poor relations. The weak and hopelessly impracticable Mrs. Dorous is not an agreeable portrait, but the most natural and life-like in the book. Being suddenly deprived of other means of subsistence she opens a small store.

"She luxuriated in her misery. She sat bolt upright behind the counter with the face of a martyr. If all the pins and needles in the store had been stuffed into the cushion of her chair she could not have looked more distressed. And while she sighed and wiped melancholy tears out of her eyes, and chit-chatted in the most doleful voice, the three boys lay in a row on the counter, eyeing longingly the tempting array of candy and sugar-plums on the other side of the establishment."

"Poor boys!" their mother would say, occasionally distributing a few pennies among them; "it's a pity they can't have peppermints and lemon lozenges when they've always been used to them."

It is a great mistake, in writing for children, to write down to what may be supposed to be the level of their capacity, and equally wrong to put ungrammatical and inelegant language into the mouths of those whose good qualities are worthy of emulation. Little Becky is an excellent embodiment of cheerful industry, but her brothers are of an unnecessarily low type, and the tone of all her surroundings is by no means elevating.

The Crack Shot, or Young Rifleman's Complete Guide; being a Treatise on the use of the Rifle, etc., etc. By Edward C. Barber. New York: W. A. Townsend & Adams. 1868.—A work which should afford in convenient limits a trustworthy account of all the new descriptions of portable firearms, numerous and important as many of them are through the incalculable and revolutionary influence they have exerted, and are yet to exert, on modern warfare, has long been a desideratum in this country, and likely to be attractive to general readers as well as to publicists, soldiers, and sportsmen. Mr. Barber's work fairly meets the description. It is unaffectedly and evenly written, has been prepared with a care that is quite manifest, and gives a great deal of valuable information in a very small compass. People who wish to know the differences between the "needle gun," Sharp's rifle, Berdan's, Spencer's, Colt's, Pape's, and the rest, can find out all about them in

this treatise, which is, moreover, capitally embellished by suitable engravings. The book is altogether creditable and the publishers deserve their share of praise for an unusually neat and handsomely printed volume.

The Gold Dollar. By Catherine M. Trowbridge. Philadelphia: James S. Claxton.—If the purpose of this story be to impart moral instruction in a most unattractive and dreary manner, we may congratulate the author upon complete success. It affords a gloomy picture of very commonplace life, and of people intent upon perpetually reproving and preaching to a little child, and overshadowing with the cares and reflections of maturity that portion of her young nature which is intended—so far as we are capable of judging—to be the season of happy thoughts and innocent, unworldly enjoyments. In a world so full of inevitable unhappiness it seems cruel to carry utilitarianism to such extreme length.

The Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte. London: Sampson Low, Son & Marston; Boston: Roberts Bros. 1868.—A little volume that most readers will find extremely fascinating. It may be described as a collection of plums plucked from the puddings of all the writers of note who have published books about the great Napoleon, and it is fair to say the work has been well performed. Bourrienne, Fouché, Monthon, Scott, Antommarchi, Caulaincourt, *The Edinburgh Review*, Mrs. Ward, and various other writers, reviews, pamphlets, and private memoirs are laid under contribution with the satisfactory result of producing a volume which, considering its variety, comprehensiveness, and concentrated interest, is, so far as we know, without a fellow.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia; RIVINGTONS, London.—*Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.* By S. Baring-Gould, M.A. Pp. 374. 1868.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—*Cameos from English History, from Rollo to Edward II.* By the author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*. Pp. xi., 379. 1868.
SAMPSON LOW, SON & MARSTON, London; ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—*The Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.* Pp. iii., 194. 1868.
VIRTUE & YORSTON, New York.—*A Treatise on the Metallurgy of Iron.* By H. Bauerman, F.G.S. With an appendix by Abram S. Hewitt. Illustrated. Pp. viii., 406.
W. A. TOWNSEND & ADAMS, New York.—*The Crack Shot; or, Young Rifleman's Complete Guide.* By Edward C. Barber. Pp. xiv., 342. 1868.
LITERARY ECLECTIC PUBLISHING HOUSE, Cincinnati.—*Hannah; or, A Glimpse of Paradise.* A tale in four parts. Illustrated. By H. M. Moos. Pp. 351.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—*Cape Cod, and all Along Shore: Stories.* By Charles Nordhoff. Pp. 235.
The New Testament History. By Wm. Smith, LL.D. Pp. xii., 780. 1868.

PAMPHLETS.

- ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—*The Prodigal Son.* By the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, M.A. Pp. xi., iv., 95. 1868.
CASSELL, PETER & CALPIN, London.—*The Holy Bible. With illustrations by Gustave Doré. Part XXIX. La Fontaine's Fables.* Illustrated by the same. Part XIV.
We have received Gutzkow's *Urie Acosta Tragedy*, in Five Acts, translated by W. J. Tusk; Harper's *Pictorial History of the Great Rebellion*, Parts XXXIII., XXXIV., and XXXV.; *A Review of the XXXIX. Articles*, by a Layman of the Protestant Episcopal Church; *Annual Register of the Kentschler Polytechnic Institute*, 1868.
We have also received current numbers of *The Herald of Health*; *The Eclectic Magazine*; *The Riverside Magazine*—New York; *The Overland Monthly*—San Francisco; *The Broadway*—London and New York; *The Old Guard*—New York; *Morgan's British Trade Journal*—London; *Packard's Monthly*—New York; *The Princeton Review*—Philadelphia; *The Church Monthly*—Boston; *Our School-Day Visitor*—Philadelphia; *The Ladies' Repository*—Cincinnati; *The Atlantic*; *Lippincott's*; *The North American Review*; *The Southern Review*; *The New Eclectic*—Baltimore.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

BARBE-BLEUE.

THE French Bluebeard is a success; that was a foregone conclusion and is a fixed fact. But a summer success is only half a victory, while they are all away—the first-class practical critics, whose verdict is the final test. By these we do not mean the lamented absentees who wielded the judicial cleaver at the French Theatre last season, and have now doffed the severe toga of the professional Hazlitt for the airy toggery and easy ubiquity of the professional Jenkins of the watering-places. Far be it from us to doubt that the able and exact criticisms which the excellent Hazlitt-Jenkins did not need to see the plays to write carried a ponderous weight of public opinion. But there is one thing stronger than public opinion, and that is private cash. It is the nose-led fashionable element that makes such ventures as *opéra bouffe* pay—the people who go because their neighbors go, or because their neighbors might go, and who don't care at all about understanding anything in particular. The vulgar rich also have another peculiarly paying way with them. If any scene or spectacle once takes their fancy, whole families go in detachments, night after night. The old man takes a "jolly crowd" of two-hundred-pound burghers to the very middle of the parquette, while from the most conspicuous box his hopeful Alexander Augustus, faultlessly kid-gloved and parted behind as to his hair, marks and scorns the inane wagging of their honest bald pates, and their volcanic eruptions of laughter in the wrong place, winks thinly at the blithe beldames in the chorus, and endangers the life of the *prima donna* with a huge lump of flowers, which he heaves at her head as a feeble expression of the enormity of his admiration, and for which he gets a smile and a dulcet muttered "*Bête d'Américain*," and is happy. Like as not, too, other two or three ninnies have taken Alexander Augustus's sisters to a balcony box, whence they could see all his embryo *bonnes aventures*, if they were not

too busy improving the only opportunity (till next night) of giving their companions and every one else near them the details of last night's German, to heed either Alexander Augustus or the music. It may in fact be stated as an axiom that the people that pay are the ones who can only come in carriages. The old Roman star's motto is good enough for Mr. Bateman. "*Satis est, equitem mihi plaudere*," said Miss Explosa Arbuscula. "I'm satisfied while the carriages come," says Mr. B.

We think all those good people who ride in chaises would be charmed with the *Barbe-Bleue*. The great reason would be, of course, that Offenbach himself is the fashion. It is *de rigueur* to admire anything of his. Besides, there are several points in this opera of that broad pleasant primal sort which speak for themselves and demand no unfashionable exertion of brains. Bluebeard's beard, for instance (why hasn't he more of it, by the way), is indubitably blue—that is one thing that all the foreigners with all their gibberish can't do away with. Mlle. Irma's tongue may go a little faster than Alexander Augustus's exercise-book, but her pretty arm speaks the universal language. The ballet, too, requires no French to understand it. All these things tell when the first week is over. Then the Gauls have all been there and chattered themselves wild over it, and settled down to canvassings of its merits, which a denizen of perfidious Albion would take for so many mortal quarrels, but which with these foamy folk are simply critical discussions. France having been to see and seen, and retired to its jungle of restaurants, then comes America, and from that epoch the broader everything can be made the better. It is curious what a change of standard comes in the course of the run of the *opéras bouffes*. We happened to be at the first and last representations of the *Grande Duchesse*, and the difference was wonderful. For our own part, we must say we prefer the wit with the wickedness; if we are to be slain with laughter, let it be with a rapier rather than a bludgeon. But if the great public says bludgeon, bludgeon be it by all means. We may or may not think the great public a collective ass; but if we do, the ass is king. As the count says in this very *Barbe-Bleue*: "*Le roi en jugera; mais qui donc jugera le roi?*"

The play, as compared with its two predecessors, has advantages and disadvantages. It has no such stream of taking melodies as the *Grande Duchesse*, and its best passages fall far short of the immense absurdity of *La Belle Hélène*. Also, we are free to say that the ballet, though both clever and, a rarer merit, neatly introduced, does not, to our thinking, compensate for either the never-to-be-forgotten conspiracy-*can-can* or the contagious jig of the *mari sage* scene. On an outright issue between the two, ballet and *can-can*, we prefer *can-can*. We know this is shocking, and are very sorry of course. But we insist that on the whole theory of modesty, etc., we are right. Taking both as spectacles, apart from ulterior significance, we find it hard to discover why it should be so much more sinful to stare at limbs occasionally than at limbs professionally visible. But the constant argument is, the ballet is nothing more than it seems, and the *can-can* means all sorts of mysterious and abominable things. To this we say, we will grant its full force. We admit that the ballet keeps nothing back, in more senses than one; it is a curious reason in its favor. We admit even that the *can-can* typifies, or is intended to typify, all sorts of outrageousness. But how many understand this licentiousness, and how many do not understand that of the ballet? To come at the entire monstrosity of the *can-can* is absolutely a branch of skilled labor. The prurient inquirer wants either to understand French and go to Paris or to find some friend who has done both, and who, beside, happens to have pursued this particular line of worldly wisdom. Given this *rara avis* of a friend, still, when all the explanations are made, a very strong imagination is needed to trace out the lasciviousness in the actual *can-can* itself. Whatever it pretends to represent, the representation is most miserably feeble, limited, and inadequate. No one, from merely seeing it, would ever dream of what it is said to intend. In short, what corruption there is is corruption refined to death, and the whole complicated game of vice is the very abstruseness of impurity. In Paris, or in English, it might be different; but in New York and in French we are very sure that not one person in five hundred sees or knows for himself anything reprehensible in the *can-can*, and that all the outcry has been founded on hearsay, and on the fear of really honest and pure-minded people that they were countenancing some dreadful moral danger in disguise—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Of two things, neither of them adapted to families and schools, by all means give us the evil that very few comprehend over the one before which our ladies turn, or used to turn, their heads.

Barbe-Bleue is an older play than at least one of the two others, and playwrights and composer both learned some things afterward. The dialogue is unusually flimsy and poor, and the music full of Offenbach's great musical fault, that vague, *bizarre* flightiness which sticks to nothing long enough to make a tune of it. But there is also a good measure of the talent which has won such success. The conception of Bluebeard himself is a master-touch of fun, and trans-mogrifies our Saxon ogre into the most admirable Frenchman imaginable. We cannot better express it than his familiar does in defending his azure master against the denunciation of his moribund No. 6, that "*c'est donc le démon*." To which the faithful alchemist, "*Non, . . . ce n'est pas une mauvaise nature, mais c'est un homme qui*

a une manie; . . . rien à faire avec ces gens-là; . . . la manie de se remarier." This is the key-note of the whole, and this one originality would sustain the play of itself. But the royal family, too, and their domestic joys and janglings, are very comical and excellently handled, both as to words and music. Boulotte is a character far more difficult to judge of, and one which more than almost any other suffers by being transplanted. The score of the part, beside, has not so much music in it as most heroines' parts, and we do not think Mlle. Irma gets full scope for her powers in it at all. Boulotte is laughable enough, though, before the court, and her dying scene is capitally natural.

The music is, as we said, provokingly evasive. Blue-beard has very decidedly the lion's share of the best airs. His part is brilliant throughout, from the very beginning. Most of the other good things are episodic—sprung on the audience in Offenbach's peculiar style. Such is the solemn little chorus of *Montez sur ce palanquin*, which reminds us strongly of the absurd "hush" trio in the *Doctor of Alcantara* that used to bring down the house so; also the *Rau, plan, plan* of King Bobèche in the second act, and, best of all, the capital and most characteristic chorus that accompanies the duel, which is as good a scene as any Offenbach ever has given us.

But *Barbe-Bleue*, in one point, stands a head and shoulders above any of the others, and that is in the singing. The new tenor, M. Aujac, is, perhaps, taken for all in all, the best artist in *opéra bouffe* we have yet had. His *début* was exceedingly successful, the very first air bringing out a burst of applause. To be sure, it was the irresistible

"Je suis Barbe-Bleue, d'gué!
Jamais veuf ne fut plus gai!"

which is the air of the whole opera. But he is just as good through all; seems to know most or all of the tricks of tongue which were M. Guffroy's best points, and has all the fire and animation which M. Guffroy never had. Besides, he really does sing well, and if he did not, we should think he did, he looks so much like Mazzoleni. His sole rival is Mlle. Irma Marié, who has not, as we said, a part to exhibit her at her best. She comes to us with an excellent record in Paris, and she is a fresher and better singer—she could not be a much better actress—than Tostée, with a clear, easy mezzo-soprano voice, plenty of grace, *chic*, and spirit, and a face and figure that will make havoc among the foolish frequenters of the *coulisses*. Only she is very far from being *embarrassée de sa personne*, and is in great danger, we think, of shocking the imperfect civilization of this new country by romping a little too coarsely. Tostée, with no lack of natural rapidity, had the tact of an old stager, and soon discovered the exact popular altitude for her capers and her skirts. On both these points, and especially the latter, Mlle. Irma's ideas are too lofty for our taste, and before *Barbe-Bleue* is over she will either have to moderate her pace or she will have educated—and elevated—the public taste for immodesty most surprisingly. The queen, too, is good, and makes quite a little point with her air of *On prend un ange d'innocence*. What Mlle. Lambe might do under the influence of a very strong shock of electricity, we cannot say; nothing short of that would seem capable of making her do more than look as pretty as pretty can be.

We see no reason why the jolly hexagomist should not indulge nightly in his little mania of *se remarier* till the dog-carts and dog-carters, and leaders and followers, and hunters and hunted, of society come back from the happy fortune-hunting-grounds, unless *Mignon*—whose turn is next, we hear—grows impatient and appeals to the unfailing politeness of the *veuf gai* to yield her the most deservedly popular floor in the city.

TABLE-TALK.

OUR English cousins, it would seem, are afflicted with the same pernicious class of literature of which we are beginning to have unfortunately but too much cause to complain ourselves, though perhaps in a different way. We notice that Mr. Hubbard, member for Buckingham, has, during the present session of Parliament, given notice of the following resolution of inquiry: What connection is there between the large number of youthful criminals recently arraigned before the courts and the cheap popular literature of the day; and, if any, what steps would the government suggest to counteract the evil? The reply of Mr. Hardy has not yet reached us, but it is notorious that the English law has hitherto provided no remedy which would guard the rising generation against this species of immorality, and as the question is one of general interest it may be well to examine the subject a little closer. The prime cause of the mischief was no doubt the Ainsworth novels. Crime was there invested with so much romance that it could hardly fail to excite admiration in the juvenile mind. *The Life and Adventures of Jack Sheppard*, *Dick Turpin*, and other celebrated criminals were issued in cheap editions at the low price of one shilling or sixpence; and, when they had become all the rage among the lower classes of the population, these same stories were dramatized for the provincial and the metropolitan theatres. The natural consequence was that *Jack Sheppard*, *Rookwood*, etc., came in most general request in the circulating libraries, and that a legion of imitations sprang up. These were illustrated with wretched wood-cuts, and sold in serials at the price of a penny. How well the writers and publishers of the murder, robber, and smuggler tales understood the knack of fascinating their

readers (a distinctly marked class of people) may be seen by referring back to the trials and the daily press reports of that period, in which Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin figure so conspicuously. Within a few months the market was inundated with penny novels of this kind, the windows of obscure bookstores, and even those of a higher order, were filled with such works as *Varney*, *The Vampire*, *The Bloody Feast*, *Ela the Outcast*, *Villeroi*, etc. At last the public became satiated with these sanguinary stories, all cut after the same pattern. Something new had to be invented, and then appeared *The Mysteries of London*, which was a slight improvement upon its predecessors. As this new style drew, other works of the same character followed, partly by the same author—such as *The Mysteries of the Court of London*, etc., which enjoyed for several years a wide popularity. They were at last opposed by a rival in the form of the penny magazines, whose object was to direct the literary taste into different channels. This has in a measure succeeded. *The Family Herald*, *The London Journal*, and similar sheets began to dispute the ground with the penny novel. The masses commenced to neglect even the better sort of tales in the penny publications, and the penny magazines gained largely in circulation and influence. Yet they have never been able to entirely destroy the worst species of literature, for when the penny dailies and weeklies imparted to the working-men and mechanics more taste for politics than fiction, the sale of the penny magazines at once fell off, and this led to the revival of the old penny novels. Their authors naturally vie with each other in the sensational, while their publishers do what they can to attract readers by offering premiums to clubs and subscribers in the shape of gold watches, breast-pins, rings, all of ordinary Birmingham manufacture, though represented as goods of the first class. It is impossible to say how many of these blood-and-thunder novels are published and sold every year, but their influence on youth can easily be ascertained from the increase of the juvenile offenders, from the startling frequency with which lads of from twelve to fourteen years are arrested for crime of a serious nature, and from their confessions that the vicious courses into which they have fallen are due to the reading of this or that penny romance.

DR. NEWMAN has begun a crusade against novels. It is about as likely to be effectual as Mr. Parton's against wine. Nevertheless, there is no doubt too much novel-reading and too much wine-drinking, and if either is to be modified by the well-intended, albeit slightly "sensational," assaults of the respective moralists, it will be matter for honest rejoicing.

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR's political opponents are endeavoring, with that charming courtesy and good feeling which so honorably characterize American politics, to make capital out of his alleged hereditary predisposition to insanity. In view of the premature revelations made by many of their own leaders, it might be well for them to inquire of themselves whether possible and very contingent insanity would more unfit a man for the duties of the chief magistracy than chronic *delirium tremens*.

It seems a very silly and contemptible method of argument which is based wholly or chiefly on personal invective; yet it must be confessed it is wonderfully cheap and efficacious. It is much easier, for example, to assert that Governor Seymour made free with neighboring hen-roosts in his infancy, or that General Blair was a naughty child and threw stones at his playmates, than to prove that their political principles are wrong; and, on the other hand, a certain secret instinct of malevolence inclines us much more readily to believe that General Grant stole apples and that Mr. Colfax played hookey and said bad words, than that the one is a hero and the other a statesman. A careful observer might gather from a careful collation of our party journals some curious statistics with regard to the social and moral qualities of the men whom we delight to honor. Thus, he would learn that to be a Republican patriot is equivalent to being a Democratic pickpocket, while a conservative statesman almost always turns out to be a Radical liar and thief, and a loyal hero is a Copperhead scoundrel and sneak. Indeed, we have often thought that the result of elections might be foreseen and party triumphs anticipated by an intelligent observation of the curious *chef d'œuvres* of Billingsgate on either side; and the only reasonable doubt that recent events have given to our former opinion on the strength of the Democratic nominations came when we noticed how comparatively feeble was the abuse of the Radical presses, and how utterly they lacked their usual enthusiasm of vituperation.

Two or three times we have had occasion to dwell upon an article which appeared several months ago in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and was entitled, *A Modern Lettre de Cachet*. The impressions it gave of possible abuses in our lunatic asylums seemed to us so erroneous, and the mischief it was likely to do so great, that we devoted to the matter more space than we can often give to one so foreign to the province of *The Round Table*. As we originally supposed, too, the subject proved to be one on which the general public had so little means of detecting misstatements that the startling assertions were implicitly accepted, and several journals of the class which pronounces positively on affairs it knows nothing about added their wild and foolish endorsements, while, so far as we know, only *The Round Table* and one or two anonymous correspondents of *The Boston Transcript* challenged the accuracy of the representations. It was therefore with much satisfaction that we

found in this month's *Atlantic* an article revising the former one and demonstrating its errors, although in most respects it was little more than an amplification, from larger information than we possessed, of points we had previously urged. At first the force of the retraction seemed to be impaired by the preliminary editorial note, which alleged, in explanation of the unusual circumstance of such reconsideration, that "the following paper comes to us [*The Atlantic*] with such high claims for consideration that we give space to it." The character of the article, however, not only fully justifies this, but gives the best evidence that only very strong desire to repair undesired injury could have dictated the acceptance of a contribution which must have done violence to all editorial sensibilities. It has seldom been our lot to read a controversial article written in worse temper or worse taste. In *A Modern Lettre de Cachet* the writer blundered badly through the immoderate fervor characteristic of social reformers; but there was throughout it an unmistakable evidence of sincerity and honesty which all his incaution and unprecision could not obscure. But his reviewer writes in a passion, and is betrayed into every possible lapse and solecism, not hesitating to distinctly charge the original article with dishonesty, and otherwise to ruin a good argument and a conclusive array of facts by a mode of treatment that would be rather discreditable even to a member of Congress. The very badness of the article adds, as we have said, to the credit *The Atlantic* is entitled to claim for printing it; but we must condole both with it and with the very worthy profession assailed, for that the retraction of the one and the defence of the other are presented in such graceless terms.

CALIFORNIA has at last sent us the magazine—*The Overland Monthly* it is called—which Messrs. Roman & Co. promised some time ago. Its appearance is highly reassuring. Modelled upon *The Atlantic* or *Lippincott's*, its typography is one of the most creditable specimens we have seen of the surprisingly good presswork San Francisco has been producing of late. Its cover, it is true, bears a title which is ephemeral at best, but it largely atones for this by the simple yet felicitous little vignette, representing a grizzly bear crossing a railroad track and pausing to look down it with an expression in which astonishment and horror, ferocity and trepidation are queerly blended. Unluckily for the allusion, the gaze of the animal is directed, that is, according to the manner of the maps, toward the west instead of toward the east—or can it be that Californian complacency is such as to believe in an eastward march of civilization and of letters? On the contents of first numbers it is seldom fair to pronounce. From more than one of the articles we should get an unfavorable impression; but then there is ample variety, and while none is strung to the normal pitch of the leading monthly of Boston or New York or Philadelphia, the average is at least equal to that of the second magazine of either of those places. Decidedly *The Overland Monthly* is to be regarded as a welcome addition to our periodical literature, and it leaves with us little room for hesitation in prophesying that by the end of the year it will have vindicated its claim to rank with the first half-dozen of its kind.

A WRITER on plagiarism in the August number of a magazine which seems to be afraid to name a journal whose opinions it is not ashamed to appropriate, admirably illustrates his subject by lifting from the *Notes and Queries of The Round Table*, almost verbatim, and without any pretence of acknowledgement, a rather curious bit of information relative to the origin of Longfellow's well-known line about the mills of God. The attempt to disguise the theft by carefully omitting the point of the note—which was, if we remember rightly, not that Padre Isla was the author, but that in his *Prior Gerund* he quotes the verse as from Plutarch, is ingenious, but unsuccessful.

It seems to us a very good suggestion which we saw the other day that watering-places should be arranged for horses in the Central Park. With a very slight expense of time and labor they might be made the means of alleviating considerable suffering during the hot weather, and, if necessary, a small tariff might be imposed on owners to go toward paying the expense. Indeed, in the matter of drinking-fountains for man and beast throughout the city, we are sadly deficient; there should be a small one at every corner, and a colossal one at every square. Just as there should be a public bath at least for every ward; but if everybody were to be clean what should we do for office-holders?

Is there no way by which legislation can be brought to bear on the iniquity which crams those stifling pest-houses we call street-cars as a barrel is crammed with herring? Or must we continue to endure the infliction with whatever alleviating patience we may until we are all directors or presidents of the roads, and so begin to see how virtuous and self-sacrificing the car companies are, and how delightful a crowded car really is, and what a very absurd and wicked pother it is that we are now making? Seriously, it seems almost time that this detestable nuisance were abated, and that our methods of conveyance generally in the American metropolis should begin to evince some acquaintance with the fact that we are living in the nineteenth century and in a civilized country.

THE passage by the U. S. Senate of the bill granting a subsidy of \$600,000 "to facilitate the establishment of a line of steamships between New York and certain ports of

Europe" is a matter for national congratulation. Monopolies of most kinds are unwholesome, and it has long been occasion of great mortification to the American traveller that no steamers should traverse the Atlantic flying the stars and stripes. May the new line be abundantly successful, and, as a partial means for securing such a result, may it carefully avoid the errors of the Collins line, its predecessor!

MR. THEODORE THOMAS'S delightful garden concerts, we are glad to see, continue to be as deservedly popular at his new location on Fifty-ninth Street as at his old quarters in Third Avenue. In many respects the situation is better, easily accessible by five car-lines, and the new hall is a vast improvement on the old. The garden is not so large, and that is a disadvantage in these warm nights, when not the most exquisite gems of the composers can console one for lack of the dearer airs of heaven; but it is very nicely fitted up, and, like the entire establishment, carefully and well conducted. Of the music it is of course unnecessary to say more than it is as good as ever, especially on the tri-weekly gala nights, when two bands discourse sweet sounds for the multitudes who come to seek in this charming retreat a refuge from the sweltering discomforts of the city. If we were disposed to be hypercritical, we might be tempted to say that there is just a trifle more of *Tannhäuser* than human nature absolutely craves. Of course everybody applauds it to the echo just because nobody understands it, and everybody is afraid to seem guilty of not understanding what must be, from its incomprehensibility, a very fine thing indeed; but for all that we fancy a majority of the audience at Central Park Garden, if they could only be brought to confess it, find more enjoyment in the overture to *Fra Diavolo* or the delicious melodies of *The Peet and Pousant* than in all the music of the future. Of course it is a vulgar preference, and we others, who appreciate Herr Wagner and understand his *Musik der Zukunft*, can afford to make some allowances for the prejudices of less advanced and educated ears. In the main, however, the selections are admirable, and we know of no better place to spend an evening than in that fairland of parti-colored lamps and heavenly harmony which Mr. Thomas has reared for our delectation.

MR. ROBERT TURNER succeeds Mr. Walter Low as the New York agent of Messrs. Cassel, Petter & Galpin.

DR. ELLIOTT COUES, surgeon in the army, is engaged upon a work on the ornithology of Arizona, of which he printed what he called the *Prodrome* about two years ago in *The Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences*. Although a good deal of difficulty attended the author's observations—"my operations," he says, "were conducted at the most imminent personal hazard from the continued presence of hostile Indians"—he still had very unusual advantages. For the foundation of his investigations he had the collections of the government expeditions along the 35th and 32d parallels, of the Mexican Boundary Survey, of the Colorado River, beside those of several private individuals. The region about Fort Whipple, his headquarters, is remarkably adapted to ornithological observations, so that the list which composed the bulk of the original paper—including 245 titles, all of birds which had been actually detected in the territory, and many of which are followed by elaborate descriptions—was actually, what it purported to be, "an exposition of the present state of our knowledge of the Arizonian Ornis." In general, however, the natural history of the species was not enlarged upon, Dr. Coues reserving for his more extended work "the mass of omitted biographical notes" he had accumulated.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM & SON have in preparation the following translations: *The Amazon*, a novel, from the German of Franz Dingelstedt; *Anne Severin*, a novel, from the French of Mme. Aug. Craven, author of *A Sister's Story*; *Madame de Staël*, an historical novel, from the German of Amely Böhle; *The Countess Ghisela*, a novel, from the German of E. Marlitt.

THE firm of G. W. Carleton & Co. was, we are informed, dissolved on the 15th inst., and Mr. Carleton will continue to carry on the business of the old firm. Mr. H. S. Allen, the late "Co.," has formed a partnership with his brother, and the two, having bought out the stock of Mr. James Miller, will carry on a business in juvenile and colored books, under the name of J. K. & H. S. Allen, beginning on the 15th of August, at No. 52 Greene Street, New York.

SLAVERY has ceased to exist in the United States. Spain is gradually abolishing the system. In Brazil the institution is doomed to speedy extinction, the legislature having already passed a law manumitting all children born hereafter of slave parents. The western hemisphere may thus boast of having purged itself very nearly of the stain of human bondage. But the eastern is still disgraced by it, for there prevails not only an African but a white slavery, as it did centuries ago. Strange to say, it is the Caucasians, the cradle of the world's dominant races, that is to Europe what Africa has in the past been to America—a mart for the supply of human chattels. Exeter Hall and Beonah-boola-Gha seem, however, sublimely unconscious of the fact! Even Boston knows it not! The semi-civilized Russian alone has taken note of it and done something to stop the infamous traffic; not because he sets up for a philanthropist, like the English and American Samaritans, but because it does not suit him that the blood of the enervated Moslem

should be reinvigorated by an infusion of the Caucasian. These efforts have, however, not availed much. No matter how carefully the eastern shore of the Pontus is watched, the slave-traders, whose territory extends along the coast of the Black Sea to the Georgian frontier, manage to get their living merchandise without difficulty to Trebizond, Sam-sun, and Constantinople, for there are no more daring and skilful sailors in the world than these men. The trade may, therefore, no longer be carried on so openly as before, but it continues all the same to flourish, and that in defiance of Russian vigilance. Indeed, the institution of slavery is so closely identified with the Koran that it will probably be coexistent with Mohammedanism itself. In modern times the traffic appears, however, confined more to female than male slaves, which shows certainly no improvement in its morality. But the glaring fact that a thriving trade in human flesh and blood is being actively prosecuted in this nineteenth century is a sufficiently humiliating reflection.

A DEPUTATION composed of Irish Episcopalians and Presbyterians, headed by the Marquis of Devonshire, waited the other day on Disraeli, and presented to him an address which set forth the three following points: 1st. That the Irish State Church Establishment must not be disturbed in the enjoyment of its former privileges and revenues. 2d. That the Regium donum to the North of Ireland Presbyterians must be continued. 3d. That the Irish Protestants would resist to a man any attempt to endow the Roman Catholic Church, either at the expense of the Anglican Church or at that of the state. The premier appears to have received this address so favorably and given the deputation so much encouragement, that *The London Times* found itself induced to comment rather severely on the impropriety of which both parties to this demonstration had been guilty. It would be a gross injustice, says *The Times*, to refuse the endowment of a Church that is professed by seven-eighths of the population; and the countenance given to such a proposition by Disraeli is all the more reprehensible when it is borne in mind that William Pitt and several other conservative statesmen had already favored the idea of endowing the Catholic Church of Ireland. Even George III., whom the Catholic emancipation question almost bereft of his senses, was inclined to a compromise on the subject. "The Irish State Church," concludes *The Times's* article, "dies hard, but die she must, and not even the House of Lords can do more than delay the day of her demise."

AMONG the signs which begin already to herald the approach of the general elections for the Imperial Parliament deserves to be enumerated a subscription of £300 toward defraying the expenses of Mr. Stuart Mill in the Westminster district. The donors in this case are six ladies, each of whom has contributed £50, with a view of showing their appreciation of Mr. Mill's services in the cause of woman's social and political emancipation. It is well known that the celebrated, yet otherwise anything but romantic, philosopher, favors active female suffrage, which would then, sooner or later, be followed by passive, i.e., the right to sit in Parliament. A chignon and crinoline St. Stephens is difficult to conceive in wife-beating England, but stranger things have come to pass. *The London Globe* calls the female future advocated by Mr. Mill the Millennium—an atrocious pun!

CONTRASTING the English and American systems of making rulers, we took occasion the other day to congratulate the mother country on its freedom from the tyranny of the politician class exerted through the organization of party conventions. But the last number of *The Spectator* notes what it calls "the first introduction of the American caucus system," but what is, in reality, the nominating convention—a very different thing from the caucus. This first step in what may prove to be a *facilis discensus* was taken at Birmingham, where "a committee from all sections of Liberals" in the city chose, after several ballots, a Mr. Muntz as their candidate for the minority seat in Parliament. If our English admirers desire this feature of American politics, it is a great pity we cannot resign it to them.

THE AUTOTYPE is the title of a new process for reproducing pictures in black and white in the manner of engravings, which has been invented in London and is described in *The Art Journal*. The examples it criticises were fac-similes of ancient drawings in some of the foreign museums, so exact that at a short distance some of the copies could not be distinguished from the originals; these are said to surpass in softness mezzotint, and to exceed in beauty and clearness the kind of engraving called mixed—that rough-and-ready method by which the public has been surfeited with inferior works. There is also mentioned a full-length portrait, in which the delicacy of the gradations equals that of the utmost tenderness of engraving, while the means of the art does not in anywise importune the eye. The head of the figure comes forward with great brilliancy and effective roundness, and appears made out much in the manner of painting; indeed, it is the profession of the invention that it follows implicitly the feeling of the artist. In examining the work, from its depths to its highest lights, there is no intermediate tone which is not well and clearly represented. "This," continues *The Art Journal*, "is by no means regarded as an effort; the same means will produce the same results in others; and with such a promise we may reasonably expect to see some of the most remarkable pictures of our time reproduced by this process, which, in comparison

with even mixed engraving, has the advantages of being less tedious and less expensive."

THERE are constantly new things under the sun. A French paper, *Les Mondes*, of the 11th of June, says that M. Calixte Say (*peut-être nous estropions le nom*) had discovered the true means of fabricating the diamond by vaporizing the iron of a blast-furnace, and that M. Tessie, of Motay, proposed to furnish the heat necessary for the operations by the combustion of oxy-hydrogen gas! We are now told that M. Saix is the author of the process; and that it consists in forcing through a blast-furnace a current of chlorine, by which the iron in fusion would be converted into a protochloride of iron, which would be volatilized, leaving the carbon intact—"Dans ces circonstances, le cristallisation du charbon pourrait s'effectuer!" *The Athenæum* suggests that in the present depressed state of the pig-iron trade English iron-masters might turn their blast-furnaces to account, and by establishing diamond manufactories in the black country, in Cleveland, and elsewhere, give a brilliant turn to a great native industry.

A *propos* of the expected arrival of the liberated Abyssinian captives in London, *The Daily News* cautions the public not to be betrayed into too great a display of enthusiasm (Sidney Smith used to call it "*enthusiasm*," a species of malady to which Brother Jonathan is quite as subject as John Bull), but to take the matter coolly and to remember that, with the exercise of a little more wisdom on the part of the government and the missionaries, this costly Abyssinian glory, which will so long figure in the English budget, might, perhaps, have been entirely avoided. There is, no doubt, a good deal of truth in these remarks. The English missionary system, however praiseworthy in itself, is rather overdone by our friends on the other side. *The Saturday Review* recently took the pains to compute that every Jew converted to Christianity costs several hundred pounds, and Messrs. Stern and Rosenthal have cost England considerably more.

ON the 15th of June last the two societies for the education of the blind in England held their annual meeting at London. From the proceedings it appears that during the last nine years the teachers (of whom seven are blind themselves) have taught over 800 in the metropolis alone. There are thirty-seven branch societies in the provinces, which have educated no less than 24,000 of these unfortunates within the period above mentioned.

THERE is to be a very fine eclipse of the sun next month, but we are not to see it. There is consolation in the reflection that in it, on the 17th of August, there is promised to the man of science an intellectual treat such as is rarely accorded to him. By an unusual combination of fortunate circumstances the present eclipse bids fair to surpass all others, of which we have any record, in the richness of scientific results which may be anticipated from the event. The reason for which is, briefly, that the period of total eclipse is of longer duration than has ever before been known. According to the calculation of the astronomers, the first moment of contact of the circumference of the sun and moon will occur at 2 hours 34 min. 40 sec. Greenwich mean time; and it will be visible at a point in the Gulf of Aden between Arabia and the African coast. Reduced to local mean time, this will give the time of commencement of the eclipse at 5 hours 52 min. 16 sec., or very shortly after sunrise at that place. The sun's disc vanishes entirely from view at 3 hours 29 min. 30 sec. Greenwich time, and is thus first totally obscured at a point in Abyssinia, where, as well as at various other points along the line of observation, the sun will remain entirely obscured from view for a period very little short of seven minutes; and during these precious moments, which are nearly twice as long a time as any recent eclipse has afforded, numerous bands of scientific observers will be busily occupied, at various stations selected, in recording the usual phenomena which will then be visible.

ALTHOUGH we are not to see the eclipse, we should see the comet. The one known as Encke's is now due, as they say of the railway trains, and the star-gazers are peering sharply at the skies to detect the interesting visitor. Encke's comet, although, in fact, discovered by M. Pons on its return in 1816, was seen four times before its identity was established. It was first detected by a French discoverer in 1786, then by Miss Caroline Herschel in 1795, again by a Frenchman in 1805, and lastly by M. Pons, in 1818. Astronomers began to mark the similarity of the orbits of the four comets, and M. Encke, by combining the observations that had been made, demonstrated that it was one and the same comet which had appeared at these different times. Encke then predicted its return in 1822, the position which it would occupy among the stars, and also that it would only be seen in the southern hemisphere. He had the satisfaction to find his predictions verified by the observations of an astronomer in New South Wales. Since that time there have been thirteen returns of this eccentric visitor to its perihelion, every one of which has been predicted with perfect accuracy.

THE North German expedition, to which we have previously referred—not the one which is contesting with the Swedish party the honor of discovering the North Pole, but the one for observing the solar eclipse of the 17th of August, has sailed from Berlin. The superintendence of the expedition rests with a resident committee of the Astronomische Gesellschaft. The astronomers intend to land

at Bombay, and to take a station considerably to the west of those taken by the British parties. In the selection of stations, and in the arrangement of their journeys, they have been assisted by the advice of the best Anglo-Indian scientific authorities.

CAPT. DE LAGREE, a highly accomplished naval officer, who left France three years ago, at the head of a scientific expedition, to explore Eastern Asia, has died from over-fatigue at Suez. Having ascended the river Meicom, travelled through forests, deserts, and marshes quite unknown to Europeans, and spent two years in exploration, he arrived at Shanghai by Thibet and the Chinese rivers. Despatches lately received from the governor of Cochinchina announced the success of the expedition, and that it was about to return to France.

THE Geographical Society of Paris have lately admitted the Emperor of Brazil as a member. It is said that Dom Pedro II. is much interested in such studies.

MR. CHARLES HUGO is in Paris, whither the author of *Les Misérables* cannot go, to make arrangements for the publication of a new work by his father, to be called *The Exiles*.

SIG. MARIO's voice must now indeed be but the poor remains of beauty once admired. A London critic speaking of a performance of Gounod's lovely *Romeo and Juliet* in which Patti appeared as the heroine and the once great tenor as the hero, says of her and of him: "Since the young lady has discontinued the indiscriminate use of those phenomenal high notes of which she used to be so prodigal, her voice has gained in volume and power. As she grows older she in every respect improves. Would that we could say the same of Signor Mario, in all but voice the 'ever fresh, young lov'd, and delicate wooer' dreamed of by a generation of Juliets! The unmatched grace of the fortunate tenor, who, on the night of his first appearance in England nearly thirty years ago, was immediately styled the 'Romeo of the Italian stage,' has never been so far beyond rivalry as now. But the voice is no longer capable of expressing the singer's intentions, and, unfortunately, even his intentions are not always quite clear. He never thoroughly learned the part last year, and this season he has forgotten much of what he then knew."

THE London literary papers print many reminiscences of poor Sam Lover. *The London Review*, among others, has

an interesting article in which it is observed that Lover's "ballads still hold their ground, and in Australia and America they are treated as tenderly as a piece of shamrock brought over from Ireland. But it was not only for the songs that Mr. Lover's entertainment was appreciated. He had a felicitous style of delivery, and could imitate the brogue to perfection. His 'brogue' was far superior to Mr. Boucicault's, although the latter has been a careful student of the accent. Mr. Lover has caught the national brogue. Mr. Boucicault invariably talks like a Wicklow peasant, and his mournful sing-song manner would never be heard or recognized in any other part of the island. Then, again, Lover was happy in his choice of subjects, as long, that is, as he stuck to Irish subjects. The loves of Patrick and Kathleen, the humors of the fairies, the warnings of the banshees, the wild and beautiful legends with which the Irish peasantry, when they had heart enough left them to tell stories, used to pass the Hallow-eve and the winter nights, were all familiar to him, and were set by him with a rare and delicate skill." The article concludes with two sentences in the justice and propriety of which we heartily agree: "He cannot have claimed for him the place of a great poet, but he has a right to the name of a singer who was as faithful to his native instincts as any lyrical singer who ever wrote. There is a place for such a man, surely, among the men who have been a credit to Ireland, and it would be a deserved recognition of this if the Irish were to erect some memorial to a writer whose works were racy of the soil on which he was born."

MR. MOY THOMAS, who probably knows as much of the subject as any man living, has written a letter to *The Athenæum* criticising the curious blunders of a writer on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the July number of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Mr. Thomas says:

"About seven years ago I published, with the authority of Lady Mary's descendants, a new and complete edition of the letters and other works of that celebrated literary lady, including a great deal of original matter from the Wortley manuscripts in the possession of the Earl of Harrowby. *The Athenæum* on that occasion did me the honor to make my preface memoir and notes the subject of a series of articles, evidently from the pen of a critic deeply versed in the literary history of Lady Mary's time. A glance at this edition would at least have convinced the contributor to *Blackwood* that his heroine—if baptismal registers are of any authority—was born before 1690; and did not send her translation of Epictetus to Bishop Burnet 'when twenty.' It would also have given him some light on the subject of her correspondence with Pope; her alleged 'starving a sister;' the compilation of the well-known Turkish letters, and other

vexed questions. It would certainly have obviated some very absurd speculations upon the subject of Lady Mary's retirement from England in 1739, and her affair with the gentleman whom Horace Walpole and the writer in *Blackwood* erroneously call 'M. Ruremonde' in the year 1721. In the old days, when literature had not yet become a trade, a writer undertaking to treat of a given subject would certainly have taken care to inform himself at least of the existence of facts and documents of so much importance to his theme as these; but it is abundantly evident that this is just what the writer of the article in *Blackwood* on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu has neglected to do."

WE regret to hear that Mr. Swinburne, the poet, has been the victim of a severe accident at the British Museum. He was seated at a table in the reading-room when he was seized with a convulsive attack which caused him to fall forward and strike his head against an iron ring. Mr. Swinburne was found to have sustained severe, although it is believed superficial, injuries on the head. We hope that we shall soon be able to report his recovery, although private letters from London tell us he has been for some time in rather delicate health.

THE MARQUIS TOWNSEND seems to be highly officious and efficient in suppressing nuisances. He has presented a bill to the House of Lords for the better management of the (London) metropolis, which proposes to keep in order, among other nuisances, the diabolical organ-grinders. We heartily wish that Marquis Townsend would come to the city of New York, and pass some time at the corner of Beekman and Nassau Streets. He would then enjoy, as we have, opportunity for comparisons which, having an eye—or a nose—to their odorourness, we forbear to do more than hint at.

MR. GROTE, the historian, has been elected president of University College in place of the late Lord Brougham.

MR. ALEXANDER GRANT has been elected principal of the University of Edinburgh.

MR. JAMES HANNAY, writer of novels, essays, satires, and high Tory politics, has been appointed English consul at Brest.

THE dinner to Mr. Longfellow at the Langham Place Hotel, London, appears to have been a very successful affair, but it was not given him by the distinguished noblemen and gentlemen whose names have appeared in connection with it, but by Mr. Bierstadt, the painter.

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But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.

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